

Florida

SPECIAL NATURAL
HISTORY ISSUE

Fishing • Hunting
• Conservation •

WILDLIFE

AUGUST, 1962

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS



**FOR THAT
BIG ONE
THAT
DIDN'T
GET AWAY**



FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

.....8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

.....4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

.....1 1/2 pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER

.....2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

.....2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

.....1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fishing tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE _____ Date _____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name (please print) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Species _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle _____

Bait or Lure Used _____

Where Caught _____ in _____ County

Date Caught _____ Catch Witnessed By _____

Registered, Weighed By _____ At _____

(Signature of Applicant)

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

★

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★

**Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of our Game and Fish**

★

BILL HANSEN, Editor

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THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

HUNTING VACATION

I work for a railroad, and we have to make our vacation requests not later than March 1st. Therefore, we railroad men wish that the opening day of hunting season would be the same date each year, regardless of what day of the week this date occurred on.

I feel honored that you sent me the Hunting License Holder Survey and Opinion Questionnaire, and I have very few gripes. Keep up the good work.

We appreciate your need to know the opening day of the general hunting season well in advance, so that you can schedule your vacation time as early as March 1, because of the regulations of your employer.

The regular hunting season has been opening on the same day each year — that is, the Third Saturday of November. This means that it does not open on the same date, but it does open on the same day.

We hope to be able to continue opening the season on the Third Saturday of each November, since this allows an opening weekend hunting period that is a convenience for the majority of our hunters.

If a regular date, such as November 15, were to be used as the opening day, year after year, it would mean that this date would fall on a week-day five times each seven years, usually, and, therefore, many working people would not be able to hunt Opening Day.

We appreciate your completing and returning the questionnaire.

If we can be of further assistance to you, please contact me.

INTERESTED HUNTER

To whom does the game belong on private hunting grounds? To the State of Florida, or to the owner of the lands or the persons having possession of the property?

The wild animals and fish are a heritage belonging to all of the people of Florida. The people have placed the responsibility for managing, conserving and regulating such animals and fish into this Commission.

No one person may own a wild animal or fish, unless he has first, legally reduced such animal or fish into his private ownership by legally hunting or fishing and taking such animal or fish.

However, the public ownership of the fish and animals does not infringe upon a property-owner's right to prohibit trespass upon his lands. Therefore, the landowner does not own the animals and fish, but he may properly forbid you from entering upon his lands to take such animals or fish. But the ownership of such animals and fish remain in the people of Florida, and not in the ownership of the individual property owner.

BY A. D. ALDRICH, DIRECTOR

Game & Fresh Water Fish Comm.

The hunting and fishing license is a license to legally take game or fish. It is not a license to violate the laws of private trespass. You must have permission from the landowner to enter upon his land, before you can legally exercise your license rights to take game or fish upon that land.

ACTIVE ELDER SPORTSMAN

My eye-sight has been so bad that I have been unable to hunt during the past two seasons. I buy my license just to get to go to camp with my sons and grandsons, and their time for hunting is quite limited.

Hoping you continue to do the fine job of protecting all our game for all the young people.

Thank you so much for your comments. Even though you no longer participate in the actual hunt, you are still fortunate in having the opportunity of returning to the woods and forest, and of participating at least in one phase of outdoor recreation, that of camping and good fellowship.

After all, the outdoor experiences that we obtain while afield are the only real, true permanent values of hunting, fishing and camping. The fact that you no longer fish or hunt does not impair the true values that you receive from being in the field. The outdoors does, indeed, offer much more than just hunting or fishing, and you are still enjoying the important values.

The sentiments expressed in your letter are appreciated by this Commission, and we shall endeavor to guard well the trust that citizens such as yourself have placed in us.

BIRD HUNTING

I know this won't do any good. But at least I can let you know how I feel, and speak also for my friends who have bird dogs.

Dove season opens before quail season, and everybody and his brother hunts dove, and they shoot up all the quail, and we quail hunters feed dogs all year for a few birds that the dove shooters leave.

Please cut out the early dove season. Or open the quail season two weeks before the

Presented here are selections from the correspondence that daily crosses the desk of A. D. Aldrich, director, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. In respect to the privacy of first-class mail, the names and addresses of the correspondents have been deleted. However, the original correspondence is filed in the Central Files of the Commission, and such files are, by law, open to inspection by any interested citizen at any time.

dove season. Or open the early dove season with an early quail season.

Please do something about this. I have seen too many dove hunters kill quail during the early season.

First, let me say that it does do good when any citizen writes to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. We get a fair flood of mail every morning, but we sincerely try to give each letter the attention it deserves.

Furthermore, the expressions of opinions from thousands of letter-writers allows us to be more carefully attuned to the needs and desires of our people. This allows us to do a better job in carrying out our Constitutional duties and responsibilities. Without the opinions expressed by interested citizens, we would be adrift in a dense fog of ignorance. We need your letters to dispel the fog.

It intrigues me that so many confirmed quail hunters are so firmly convinced that the early-season dove hunters are bound and determined to violate the law and shoot all the "birds" before the quail season opens.

The question here is really:

Are all dove hunters violators?

We think: No. There are always the solitary few who wilfully attempt to violate the game and fish laws, just as there are the solitary few who would cheat in a friendly game of cards. In both cases, the solitary few are cheaters. One is cheating money from his friends. The other is cheating game from his fellow hunters.

But you can't set the rules of the sport based solely on the actions of a very few wilful violators. To do so would unfairly penalize the vast majority who faithfully and sincerely abide by the laws.

We try to set the game laws to first suit the biological needs of the wildlife species. We will not set any regulation which works harm upon the wildlife. We faithfully reject any effort to set any rule which would damage any basic wildlife population.

So, after the rule has been outlined to
(Continued on page 33)

THE COVER

The Flying Squirrel, a tiny cousin of the Gray and Fox Squirrel, weighs less than three ounces—is able to glide through the air. See Page 10.

The Cover From A Painting By Wallace Hughes

Clubs and Conservation

BY MID-JUNE IT APPEARED that the "biggest burn" in the history of South Florida was becoming history. There were still some fires but summer showers meant the worst was over.

Conservationists were in ardent disagreement as to the real damage. Hundreds of thousands of acres of sawgrass, forest lands and hammocks had burned, some fish and game had been destroyed, bird-nesting areas were gone for a while at least and the damage to forests was hard to assess.

Tourists who found themselves driving with lights on through choking clouds of smoke at mid-day, probably figured the whole Everglades section had burned up—and most of it had, although the residents knew there would be fresh growth within days providing sufficient rain fell.

Damage to personal property such as homes and business buildings was not great although there were some close calls. Everglades fires, burning rather slowly as compared to high forest fires, are difficult to put out but can usually be controlled in small areas. For example, many business buildings and residences along the Tamiami Trail stood intact with smoke-blackened pines, palmettoes and "swamp" around them. They were saved through backfires or canals, chemical fire-fighting or plain water-throwing.

One of the worst of the losses of personal property occurred when a whole parking lot of valuable swamp buggies was destroyed just south of the Tamiami trail. A wind change "sneaked up" on the watchman and only a few of the machines could be driven away.

The Audubon Society reported that there was severe damage to their valuable Corkscrew Swamp which seemed to be ignored by the rain that fell over other areas of Southern Florida.

The National Audubon people reported that bird losses were very

slight. Low water conditions over southern Florida had greatly reduced the number of bird residents before the fires began.

Muck fires, a condition where the dried out "ground" actually flames and smoulders, continued long after the surface fire had passed in many areas.

In some forest areas, the larger trees were not killed, even though fires swept around them. In the really "hot" fires, the trees were killed.

Biologists explained that some burning is a part of the Everglades vegetation cycle and that it is only the extremes of drought conditions that cause far too many fires.

The entire fire area was closed to firearms while the fires were at their height. The purpose, as explained by Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission officials, was to prevent poaching.

What causes the Everglades fires? Poachers (who are trying to drive out game), lightning, malicious mischief-makers, accidental sparks from highways, careless smoking habits of fishermen and hunters.

So an assessment of the total damage will be impossible until long after most of the public has lost interest in a fire that has grown "cold" with summer rains.

Acreage burned has little meaning because "spotty" burning can give game ample opportunity for escape. An unspectacular fire that nevertheless covers a huge area, burning many square miles in a solid swath, can be deadly in that it destroys wildlife habitat and food "all at once."

So nobody knows — but South Florida is still there.

Outdoor Writers

A resolution opposing construction of an oil refinery in Dade County was adopted by members of the Florida Outdoor Writers Association meeting in Winter Haven in June.

Max Hunn led a discussion of the

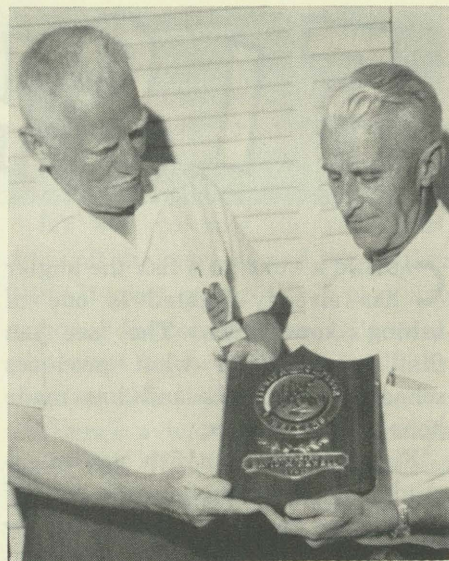


Photo By Jim Floyd

Dave Newell of Leesburg, left, was honored at a special banquet by Florida Outdoor Writers as the "dean of Florida outdoor writers." He was designated an honorary lifetime member of the FOWA, and received a special plaque from George Crowley, outgoing president of the statewide organization.

problem, pointing to the dangers of air and water pollution. Bob Wallace told of the dangers of industrialization in some parts of Florida and described economic problems that would accompany heavy industry in the state.

Frank Philpott of Gainesville was elected president, succeeding George Crowley of Ft. Lauderdale. Jack DeQuine is the new vice president. Jabbo Gordon of the Tampa Times was elected secretary and Jack Shoemaker, treasurer. Directors are Ed McLauren, Paul Mains, Ron Higgins, Al Jones and Jim Reed.

A feature of the June meeting was a dinner honoring David M. Newell, "dean" of Florida outdoor writers. Newell's long career in the profession includes writing, editing, art, radio and television.

Audubon Hunting Policy

An announcement of policy by Carl W. Buchheister, president of the National Audubon Society was occasioned by a recent bill introduced by Congressman Karth of Minnesota. The bill would prohibit the hunting of mourning doves anywhere in the United States.

According to Buchheister, he re-

(Continued on page 34)

FISHING



BY
CHARLES
WATERMAN

CASTING A LURE TO A fish the angler has already sighted is one of fishing's top thrills. The "see 'em first" gimmick is what produces school bass addicts and has made bonefishing popular.

Firing away at a fish you've already sighted combines the fun of fishing and hunting. It can also be a bit unnerving. I recall an old fishing buddy of mine who would forget all about his deadly casting when the prey was in sight.

While drifting down a sluggish creek one day, he and I saw a big shiner jump out on a bare bank, followed closely by a big bow wave that could belong only to a bragging bass. While the shiner flopped unhappily in the sunshine, the big bass roared up and down a 4-foot stretch of shore trying to get at him, obviously ready to bust anything that moved.

My friend took careful aim with a casting plug and threw it into a nearby tree, acquiring one of the most picturesque backlashes I have ever witnessed.

I had been paddling and while I grabbed wildly for my own rod, the shiner flopped back into the water to be engulfed by the bass who then went on his way.

Florida's fresh waters for the most part are a bit too murky for sight fishing but some of the spring-fed creeks can give you frustrating moments of exhibiting bait or lures to plainly visible bream or bass.

Much of the Florida Keys fishing is done with the quarry in sight and some of the lessons in stealth acquired there can be profitably applied to situations where the fish are less visible but just as spooky.

I've long been a bonefish chaser and realize that much of that game is sighting the bonefish, figuring his course and then dropping your little doo-dad far enough away that he

won't be flushed but close enough that he'll see it. A lot of people can sight a dozen bones while I'm examining one questionable blotch on the bottom.

When using a spinning lure, the tendency is to cast too close to the fish and send him away from there in overdrive. Similar fishing methods are employed on many other residents of the flats, sometimes on barracuda and quite often on tarpon, neither of which is generally quite so jumpy as bonefish.

Somehow I had never had a chance at much sight fishing for redfish (channel bass) until the other day at Man-O-War Key, located between Flamingo and the Florida Keys. A couple of us were bumming around there in an outboard, prospecting for bonefish, endeavoring to avoid running aground and hoping we wouldn't get lost when we saw some busy fish on a grassy bank in about 18 inches of water. I confess I thought it was a big school of bonefish but my sharper-eyed friend called them "reds" and reds they were, dozens of them.

We drifted up on them, casting pink shrimp flies we'd put on for bonefish. At first, we just cast into the crowd and the other fellow caught one that would go something near eight pounds. By the time the battle was over, we'd lost the main school but we continued to cast to individual fish that had strayed from the fold. The procedure was to cast to where you thought the fish was going to be and then work the little fly fairly close to his nose as he approached it. The "strikes" involved the fish's simply turning a little and opening his mouth but it was a lot of fun.

Hooked on a flat where he has no room to dig, a redfish is quite a different story from what you expect in deeper water. These fish would

flounder around for a few seconds, giving a few tentative tugs, and then take off with plenty of speed. One 6-pounder went 100 yards before I got him stopped.

A lot of experienced fishermen use the sight method in areas where you wouldn't expect it to work at all.

While tarpon fishing with Jimmy Addison of Everglades, I was a little surprised to see him climb up just as high as he could get on the deck of our skiff and put on his polaroid glasses. Since we were in a muddy bay, I'd never figured on seeing any fish unless they either rolled or surfaced the way tarpon do in shallow water. I'd often seen them lying near the surface by "accident" but I hadn't actually hunted them that day.

Jim was doing the fishing and he wouldn't cast until he could see a fish. In that murky water it was hard to tell which was the business end and he'd cast to a submerged snag by mistake now and then but after he had put a few hundred pounds of tarpon in the air I was ready to start calling my shots too.

More "sighted" fish are lost by a hurried strike than anything else. When you see him bearing down on your bait it takes a bit of will power to wait until contact is actually made, especially if he comes in a rush. In fishing schooling bass, it's not so easy to take the bait away because they're in a hurry due to the competition. When a sleepy fish simply decides to take my lure because it looks easy and suddenly gets excited I generally throw my bait back over my shoulder. And using light leaders, I've broken off dozens of bonefish by setting the hook too hard.

Jimmy Addison's method with the tarpon should be a lesson to a lot of fishermen who do nothing but "blind casting." Jimmy figures it's foolish

to throw elsewhere if you can see a target and he's using "sight" fishing where most people never thought of it.

In selecting lures, especially the ones to be used on the surface, it is wise to consider not only the actual size of the bait but its "apparent" size.

For example, I found that a bright yellow plug, when viewed from beneath the surface, looked fully four times as large as a plain, scale-finished bait of the same kind. The added *apparent* size was the result of reflection.

In trying to make fly-rod bug look as big as possible, the tendency is to make a bigger and bigger head for it, ending up with something too hard to cast. Long rubber legs can give the impression of a much bigger bait when worked rapidly on top and long, narrow feather tails give the impression of great overall length without adding much weight or air resistance.

Spin-fishermen have found that addition of more bucktail or feathers to a lead head can completely change the appearance of a jig without added casting weight.

Bulk can help in more ways than one. In the first place, the fish may be looking for something bigger than you can handily cast without a little fakery.

In spinning, there is often diffi-

culty in getting something to work slowly without going clear to the bottom. "Barely suspended" bucktails are sometimes helpful.

Some jigs have been made with a light metal that sinks very slowly. Since it is a little hard to cast in the smaller sizes, fishermen tend to overlook its possibilities.

Fishing with Buddy Normann last spring, I was doing all right with streamer flies and figured Buddy would have to put down his spinning rod to stay in the act but he came up with some of those light, alloy jigs and was able to work them slowly and not far down. They worked just as well as my flies. I'm afraid I don't know if you can still buy them.

I have ruined several rods with stuck ferrules and may ruin some more. Some ferrules just naturally tend to stick, especially the ones that corrode. The old practice of rubbing a ferrule alongside your nose before joining up your rod is practical enough but occasional application of candlewax will avoid sticking troubles.

Best of all in my experience is the waxy stuff they use to keep zippers working smoothly. It comes in small pencil-like sticks and the fly fisherman - writer, Joe Brooks gave me a little bit of it called "zipper-ease".

When a ferrule corrodes, it can be

smoothed up with steel wool but too much use of steel wool will eventually give you a loose ferrule. I have some rods with brass ferrules that tend to stick if I don't take them apart frequently.

It's best to take the rod apart, wipe off the ferrules and then either leave it apart or put it only part way together for convenience. Of course, you must be sure to put it all the way together before using it again.

There's a wide variety of metals used on ferrules, even on good quality rods. Even the manufacturer may be a little in doubt as to the characteristics of what he's using. Another firm probably supplies his hardware for him.

There are too many names for most of our fish and you almost need an interpreter, even from one part of Florida to the next.

One fisherman (who evidently doesn't waste much time reading about his sport) got very outspoken about trout the other day.

"The salt water trout is the only real trout," he told a friend of mine. "When northerners talk about 'trout' they aren't talking about trout at all but about smallmouth bass. We have the only real trout there is."

My friend tried to argue but found it was useless. Of course, what makes the whole thing ridiculous is that our trout isn't a trout at all but a weakfish that there are several species of true northern trout in fresh water and that largemouth bass are often called trout in the South but as far as I know, no bass is ever called a trout in the North.

All of this makes a recent project of the National Outdoor Writers Association seem very logical. They set up a committee to learn the correct names for all of the popular sports fishes. The common names for one species sometimes run into the dozens.

Manufacturers of spinning tackle are still having a rough time trying to attach the reels to the rods in such

(Continued on page 34)



Some of the world's healthiest alley cats live in close proximity to fishing piers and docks. This one can barely wait for guide Ikey House to finish filleting.

MUZZLE FLASHES



BY
EDMUND
MCLAURIN

OVER THE YEARS THERE HAS been constant reader interest in the conversion of modern and obsolete model revolvers to handle shotshell cartridges. Most persons explain that they want such handguns to carry a field, primarily to shoot poisonous snakes and birds and animals of varmint classification. A few advance the information that they want to shoot small, breakable aerial targets for the fun and practice benefit involved. A very, very few others, in wishful thinking, say they want to become proficient close-range wing shots with a handgun—in those states where such bird hunting is legal.

Ideal for shotshell conversion are revolver styles patterned on the basic lines of the Colt Frontier Single Action, the .45 caliber Smith & Wesson Model 1917 and the .45 caliber Colt revolver of the same period. At the present time, both *THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN* and *THE SHOTGUN NEWS* are filled with commercial advertisements offering used, but reconditioned war surplus Colts and S & W revolvers, at prices ranging from \$22.50 to \$39.50. Also available in used condition are .38, .44 Special and .44/30-40 caliber revolvers that are suitable for safe conversion to shotshell use.

In order to handle shot loads with any degree of accuracy and practical pattern, the rifling in the barrel must be bored out and the barrel interior finished smooth, like a shotgun barrel. (The rifled barrel must be converted to smoothbore, otherwise, the rifling will tend to scatter the small shot in unreliable patterns while also building up a hard to remove lead deposit with each fired shot, much as a water pipe collects interior scale.)

It is not necessary that the interior of a bored-out old handgun barrel be surface-perfect; merely that

good, sharp reamers do the initial cutting and that polishing thereafter be thorough enough to remove all tool marks.

either not equipped or qualified to do this work and must look to others for the necessary gunsmithing. Jim Harvey, Lakeville Arms Company, Lakeville, Connecticut, and Snapp's Gun Shop, Royal Oak, Michigan, are two gunsmithing contacts for this work. I've seen and test fired some of the Lakeville Arms Company's converted handguns; they proved good performers, with incorporated workmanship obviously high class.

For shooters qualified to make their own conversions, needed reamers and polishing bits can be purchased from Clymer Grinding Company, Oak Park 37, Michigan.

It is also quite practical for a competent gunsmith to thread the ends of bored out barrels, just ahead of front sight, and attach small choke control tubes similar to some of the shotgun types, but much smaller in diameter.

Where needed, instructions for converting revolvers to use shot cartridges can be obtained from the National Rifle Association, 1600 Rhode Island Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. If you are one of the many thousands of NRA members, you are entitled to free technical advice and low purchase price on reprints of "how to" articles applicable to the subject.

It is even possible to shoot trap or Skeet with a shot-firing handgun. Your final score won't be your usual average with conventional shotgun, but you'll have fun. At shooting distances between 35 and 50 feet, loads of No. 9 shot will shatter the whizzing clays cleanly—provided your aim is accurate. Shot pattern spread is about a foot in diameter at 25 feet, gets larger as shot travel distance increases.

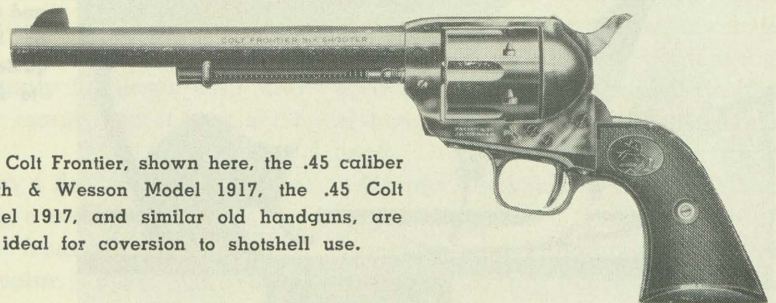
Probably best of the shotshell handguns is a revolver that is chambered and barrel bored to accept case shortened .410 gauge shotgun shells loaded with ½ ounce of No. 9 shot.

If you have a handloaded standard sport load rifle ammunition and shotshells, you won't have any trouble reloading shotshells for smoothbore revolver use. A few special reloading tool accessories are needed, but they don't cost much.

The joker in the deck is the way the legality of such sporting handguns has been bandied about.

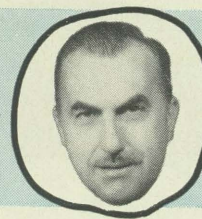
In June, 1955—soon after I wrote a full length firearms feature on conversion of old revolvers to shotshell—the National Rifle Association, Washington, D. C., printed a similar article in *THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN*. Both I and the NRA explained that we had separately sought the ruling of the U. S. Treasury Dept. as to whether such sport-

(Continued on page 31)



The Colt Frontier, shown here, the .45 caliber Smith & Wesson Model 1917, the .45 Colt Model 1917, and similar old handguns, are ideal for conversion to shotshell use.

WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL



BY
DENVER
STE. CLAIRE

WE RECEIVED A ROSTER the other day from our very newest club — the Anthony Junior Wildlife Club. Ages range from 10½ to 16. They elected officers as follows: Clark Thompson, Director; Wayne Byers, Assistant Director; William Patrick, Secretary; Jimmy Carter, Treasurer; and Neal Cooper, Chaplain. Other members are: Don Thompson, Jerry Keene, Mickey Jordan, Terry Tutton, Robert Priest, Ronald Priest, Steve Brown, James Brown, Larry Howard, Danny Folsum, David Kinard, Berville Patrick, Randy Collins, and Jimmy Lumpkin. Francis Hunter is the adviser.

We received a very interesting letter from a newly organized group in Callahan. They have been organized since the first part of the year,

and are now interested in affiliating with the League of Clubs sponsored by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. We welcome these young men, and commend them on their sincere interest in conservation.

This would be a proper time to thank all of the agencies and speakers who installed exhibits and talked to our counselors in training. Our sincere appreciation to the State Board of Conservation, its Water Resources Division and its Boating Council; the Florida Forest Service; and the Florida Parks and Historical Monuments; The United States Forest Service of the Department of Interior; Soil and Water Conservation, Service of the Department of Agriculture; United States Geological Survey; Central and South Florida Flood Control District; and the School of Forestry, University of Florida. And to the speakers go the same sentiments of appreciation. H. R. McQuillan, Mason Rowe, Gene Brown, Carol Beck, Steve Fickett, Jim Moore, Donald Greth, Rudy Guerre, Thomas Huser, and Percy King.

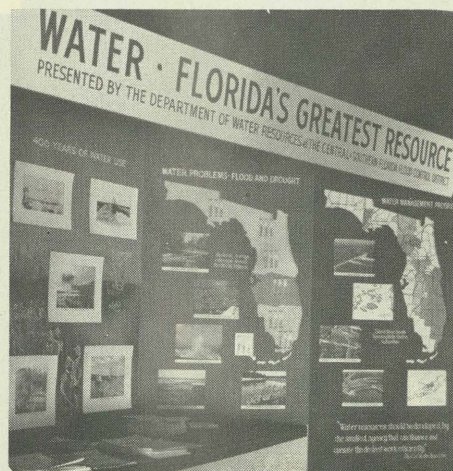
Our exhibits this year went over big with the campers. Included this year were two science fair exhibits from the Florida Foundation for Fu-

ture Scientists — State Fair. These young men received two weeks at camp as campers for winning awards in natural sciences given by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Four awards were presented in 1962. More exhibits will be awarded in '63.

Safety of Firearms Course offered this year by Director Gordon Kriebel was taken quite seriously by our youthful campers. Talks and actual firing on the line created an intense desire to learn.

The Cove Hotel of Panama City was the recent setting for the annual banquet and installation ceremony for members and guests of the Bay County Girls' Conservation Club. Miss Peggy Boman introduced parents of members, state, and local conservation leaders. Miss Sandy De Pietro presented a resume of the activities of the club of the past year.

New officers installed in a beautiful candlelight ceremony by Ronald Higgins, Educational Officer of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, were Miss Ruth McElvey, president; Sandy De Pietro, vice president; Pat Nolen, secretary; Peggy Boman, treasurer; and Margaret West, historian. ●



Special exhibits at the Youth Conservation Camp proved valuable aids in teaching young campers about the wise use and management of our natural resources.





H EY THERE! You should know me—I live just about everywhere in Florida where woods and trees abound. You may never have noticed me because I sleep all day in a nest high in a tree, an old deserted woodpecker hole, or a natural cavity in some old tree trunk. Once in a while I may make my home in the attic of somebody's house; maybe yours? At night I come out to eat and play, and really live it up! I have big eyes and can see very well in the dark.

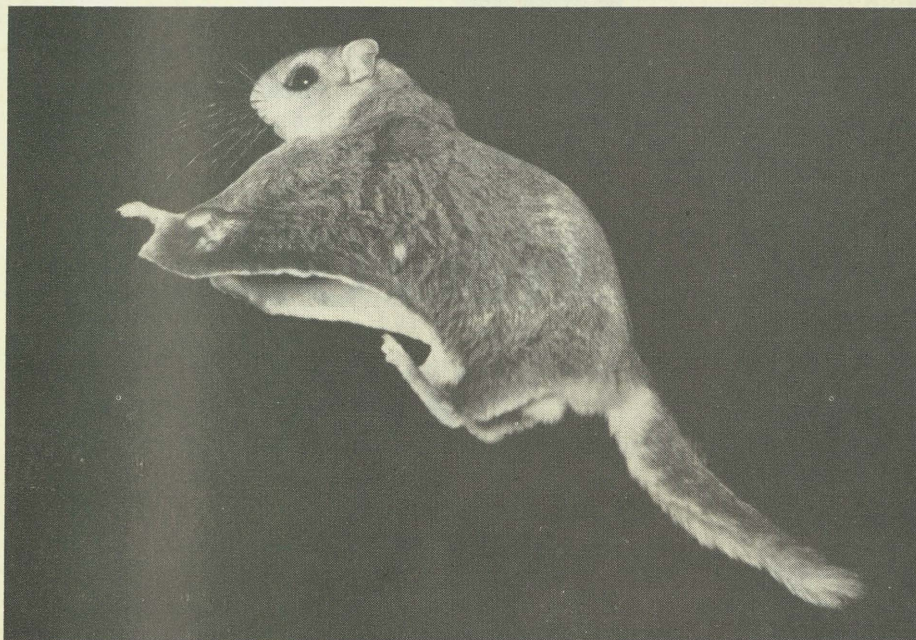
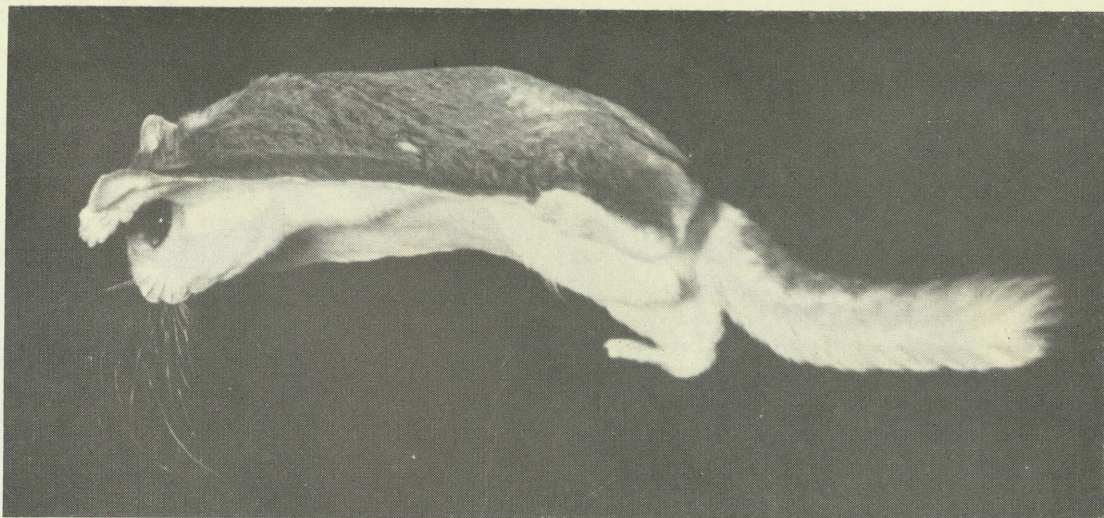
I am a rodent and belong to the Squirrel family, but I am much smaller than my cousins the Gray and Fox Squirrels. My maximum weight is less than three ounces, and from the tip of my nose to the tip of my tail I usually measure less than eleven inches. The most remarkable thing about me is that I can "fly," or rather "glide" is a better word for it. For a fine photographic sequence and description of how I glide — follow the pictures from the upper right down to the lower left.

FLORIDA FLYING SQUIRREL



Ready for a landing on a tree or on the ground, the Squirrel lifts its tail upward and raises its body nearly horizontal, which checks its forward speed —

— and the "Glider of the Mammal World" lands gently as a feather on the trunk of a tree.

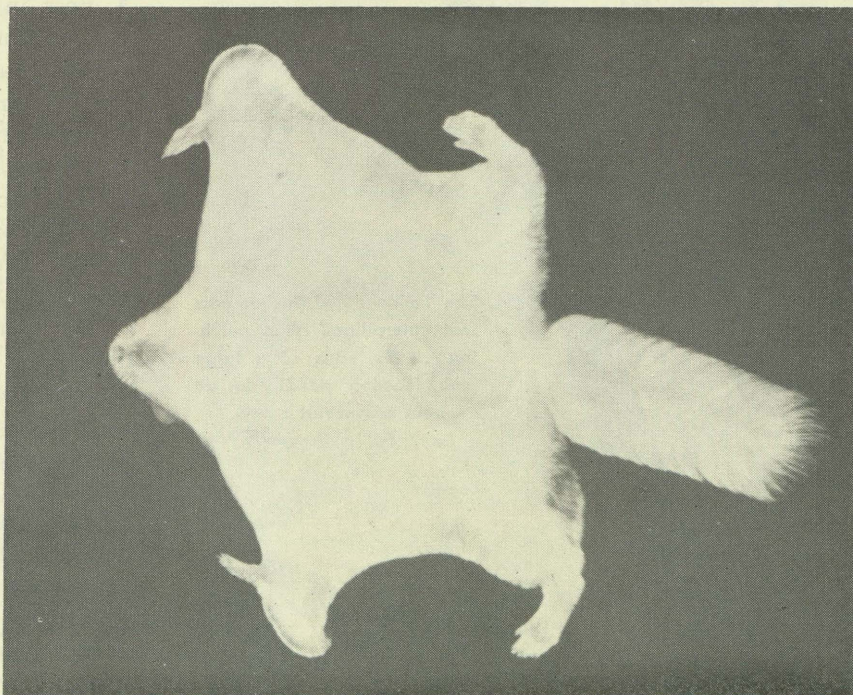


In flight, the Flying Squirrel's course is steered mainly with its tail. By twisting, raising, or dipping or varying the slack in its "wings" the Flying Squirrel can change course and go just about any direction.

**PHOTOS BY
LEONARD LEE RUE III**

TEXT BY WALLACE HUGHES

This underside view clearly shows the "wing pattern" of the Flying Squirrel — the stretch of skin between the legs, and the flat, rudder-like tail. The usual glide (some folks say parachute) begins high in a tree and moves downward at an angle of 40 to 50 degrees, and as far a distance as 150 feet.



Before leaping into space the Flying Squirrel bobs up and down, weaves from side to side, and stretches forward giving the impression that it is measuring the distance and angle of its intended flight. Then bunching its feet together it leaps vigorously into space, legs stretched out to the fullest, unfolding the skin that connects the fore and hind legs on each side of its body. Whiskers stretch forward possibly as an antenna to pick up vibrations and to warn of limbs and other objects that might get in the way.



The Yellow-billed Cuckoo eats tent caterpillars, often perching at the edge of a large web, feasting greedily for an hour or more at a time.

The marvel of
continuous creation

NATURE'S WAY

By EDWARD L. MANIGAULT

THERE IS TREMENDOUS complexity and infinite vastness in the ecology of life. The elusive patterns of this wonderment of creation are far beyond the mental grasp of most of us. Only a few scientists, unselfish and often unsung, have dedicated their lives to unlocking the secrets of nature. The majority of us are prone to accept their successes in much the same manner as today's children accept the marvels of television and aviation, or even the space-dwarfing missile. We simply have such things—no whys, no hows, no wherefores.

But many of nature's ways are often obvious to those who care to look. For, after all,

Two kinds of men there'll always be:
The pseudo blind—and those who see.

We need not completely understand all events that occur in chronological order, as guided by the Omnipotent hand. We can find rare fascination, should we seek it, in many of the simple things that exist and occur in our everyday life; for, truly, there's a sermon in the rock and a poem in the waterfall.

Let's take a close look at the inter-relationship of just a few things—plants, insects and birds, for in-

stance—and some of the final effects upon man's welfare.

When winter has released its chilling grip and warming spring returns, the buds burst and tender leaves expand. The young tent caterpillars start to weave their silken webs. By the time the busy colonies have pitched their white tents over the countryside, the yellow-billed cuckoo is ready for the feast. He wastes no time. With his long, curved bill, he tears open the shining webs and picks out his meal. To satisfy an enormous appetite, he perches at the edge of a large web for an hour or more, greedily gobbling up the squirming occupants as though he fears another bird might wish to share the larder.

He's easily approached when he's feeding, and its quite amusing to watch him. He'll often get a mouthful of the crawling mass and then try to swallow it all at once, gulping and chocking and jerking his head up and down in ludicrous manner. After such contortions he rests a while, then gives his weird, throaty call. The oddness of this call is the ventriloquial effect. You can't tell just where or how far he is.

After the caterpillars are nearly grown, the cuckoo seldom swallows them; but he presses out the juice and drops the skin. He goes from tree to tree, opening webs and sampling the contents as though trying to find a tender youngster. Or perhaps he's like the boy with a bag of peanuts—just too hard to quit.

If you don't already know him, watch for a long-tailed, long-winged, graceful bird that's about the size of a mourning dove. Unless you seek him when he calls, you'll have to see him in flight—but only for an instant. He's noiseless and as fast as an arrow. The black-eared cuckoo, his cousin, lives in the mangrove swamps of the Keys and a small section of the west coast, and seldom ventures far. But he goes south in winter.

Besides the cuckoos, the orioles and the white-eyed vireos tear open the webs to get at the occupants. A few other birds will eat, after the meal has been spread. The tiny vireo eats only the very young caterpillars, but the oriole will take them until they become quite fuzzy. We'd have a difficult task destroying these caterpillars in the topmost branches, even with pressure sprayers and potent insecticides. And we'd miss many of the secluded areas.

While the cuckoo and the oriole work the high places, the inquisitive little vireo spends his time nearer the ground. He, also, is an accomplished ventriloquist. Were he not so active, he would be very difficult to locate in our Florida woods; but he's in

there working, all day long. His plaintive call, once heard in the stillness of the swamp, echoes forever in a Southerner's memory when he's far from home.

Although these birds don't completely check the caterpillars in years of heavy infestation, they nevertheless are an important factor in the biological deterrents that are a part of those laws which we call "nature's balance." And we can see these things taking place!

As the days warm considerably, the tent caterpillars reach maturity and go madly crawling in all directions, seeking the protected spot where they can spin the tough white cocoon to insure their sleep until they emerge a chestnut-brown moth. This is the time that nature brings forth her entire army, trained by instinct through uncountable years, to battle the increasing hordes of destructive insects which, by their very presence, make possible the ecological circle of her existence.

The brilliant cardinal and his somber wife, universal favorites around the home, will eat sunflower seeds before anything else on their bountiful table. Dried corn, meat and most table scraps help to keep them happy. However, they consume a great variety of harmful insects, including certain scales and the Japanese beetles, and are therefore of immense help to man.

The noisy jay consumes insects to a goodly extent, concentrating on them in the summer. He prefers grasshoppers, weevils, some caterpillars and scale insects. He's often a blamed nuisance, eats most of the

(Continued on page 29)



Like the Cuckoo, the White-eyed Vireo will tear open the tent caterpillar webs, but eats only the very young caterpillars.



Photo By Bill Hansen

The testing of water conditions, and checking water samples is an important part of the lake and stream survey. Characteristic of the beautiful Yellow River is the cool water temperature throughout the year, seldom rising above 80 degrees during the summer.

ONE OF THE MOST PRESSING conservation problems throughout Florida and indeed throughout the nation is water and pollution. Through pollution and misuse, many hundreds of rivers and streams have become unfit for public use and more are being destroyed every day. With the population expansion and people having more and more leisure time, water demand has increased considerably since the last decade. So as the demand for water continues to grow, the amount of good quality water is rapidly shrinking. We hope that responsible people will take the situation in hand and formulate steps to halt this irresponsible destruction of the country's life blood.

Luckily, there are some watersheds left that haven't felt the effects of man's misuse and have remained much the same as they were many years ago. Proudly, the Yellow River Watershed is an example of such an area. There are definite reasons why it has remained so: First, Eglin Air Force Base has vast tracts of wooded forest which have been cared for and managed well. All through the watershed, proper land use has held erosion to a minimum. Secondly, industrial waste doesn't enter the picture because industry is almost entirely lacking. Third, raw sewage is controlled and treated. All of the above things spell pure water for man's use whether for drinking or for recreation. We

FISHING THE YELLOW RIVER WATERSHED

By Lake & Stream Survey Team No. 1

KEITH BYRD, Project Leader

PHILIP HESTER, Fishery Biologist

RUTH LEE, Project Secretary

PART 2

DISCUSSION AND FISHING GUIDE

feel that every attempt should be made to insure that these healthy streams will not become open sewers to be scoffed at by future generations.

As you have probably noticed from the fishing information given earlier, fishing is good but not exceptional. When fishing in an area doesn't seem to be up to par, the first thought in a fisherman's mind is that it should be stocked so fishing will be better. This, however, is not the answer. As in farming, some lands produce more than others because the soil is more fertile and because of the amount and kinds of nutrients and minerals present. Therefore, when the soil is poor, planting more seed will not increase the yield. This, in a way, is the same when it comes to raising a crop of fish. If certain nutrients and minerals are missing in a body of water, the number of fish is limited to the amount available. Therefore, dumping in thousands of additional fish would not alter the trouble, and these would all be lost with no benefit gained.

One might then say, "Well, why not do something about this lack of nutrients and minerals?" Presently, river improvement on a large scale is both costly and impractical. The expense would be far greater than the gain. Someday a cheap method will be developed, but now the only thing that can be done is to see that

the water is kept clean and free of pollution so the carrying capacity will not become less.

Bass, pickerel, and bream offer good fishing, especially in certain sections, but many areas don't rate very high fishwise. However, fishermen in this section with a great desire to fish, have learned to take advantage of what is available. This is where sucker fishing enters the picture. Spotted and Redhorse suckers are abundant and seem to fill any niche that lacks for bass and bream. The fighting ability of these brutes equals and even outclasses many highly rated game fish. A two or three-pound sucker will put up a bulldog battle that will test the best line and strongest pole, especially if he has set his mind to tangling your line around one of the many snags along the bottom. During the winter, deep holes in the main run are baited with cloth sacks filled with crushed corn or cotton seed cake. Suckers are attracted to this and are caught by using worms as bait. People unfamiliar with suckers and sucker fishing may frown and say, "Well, what do you do after he's caught?" That question can be answered very easily—eat him! A platter of crisp fried sucker, that has been properly gashed to eliminate the small bones, will delight the most finicky eater.

During the early spring when the suckers move up the shallow creeks to spawn, the state and county open certain areas to controlled gigging of rough fish. This is well received in this section and provides a lot of

enjoyment. We feel that such cooperation is very beneficial because it allows the harvest of non game fish which otherwise could not have been utilized.

During the survey one obvious characteristic which presented itself was the cool water temperature throughout the year. Even in the summer months temperatures rarely reach higher than 80 degrees.

This is interesting because it suggests the possibility of introducing some of the cooler water fish which are not native to Florida. However, before this is done, further study should be conducted to decide if: this would be practical, what species would be best suited, and most important of all, to determine if any harm would come to the present population.

Access is a problem in many areas of the watershed. There are only four public boat ramps, and these are located in upper Okaloosa County. In most areas, conditions are hazardous to fast boat travel; therefore, fishing is concentrated near the few access points. This greatly reduces the quantity of fishing area available. It is felt the county and state should attempt to provide more ramps and access roads by acquiring and maintaining sites along the watershed.

In closing, a word of warning to those who aren't familiar with these waters. Large areas of the river are shallow and contain numerous snags and logs. These cannot only burst a motor, but can puncture or even overturn a boat. So in planning a trip, a small motor and a lot of caution will save time, money, and possibly more.

(continued on next page)

The waters of the Yellow River watershed are clean and beautiful. This river system in Northwest Florida is one of the few remaining that have escaped pollution and other forms of man-made misuse of our valuable clean water supply.

Photo By Wallace Hughes



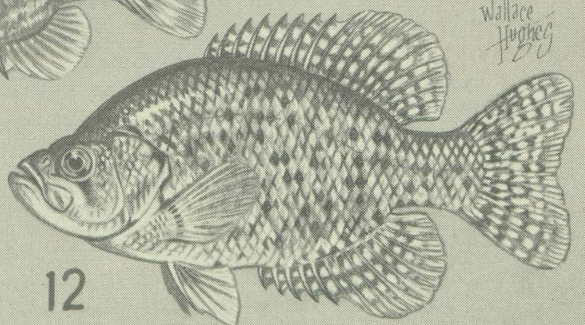
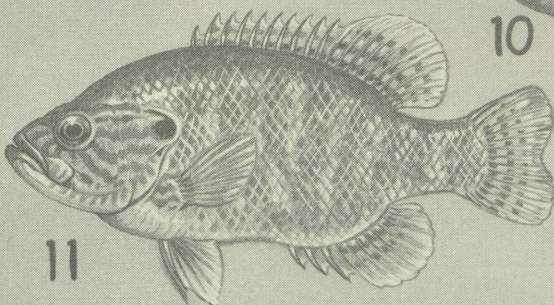
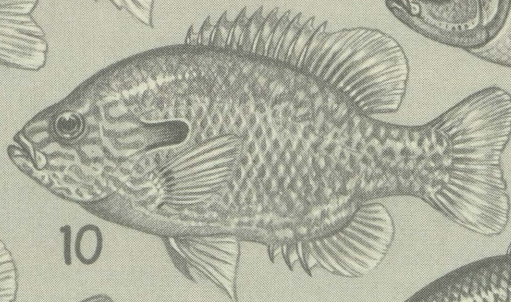
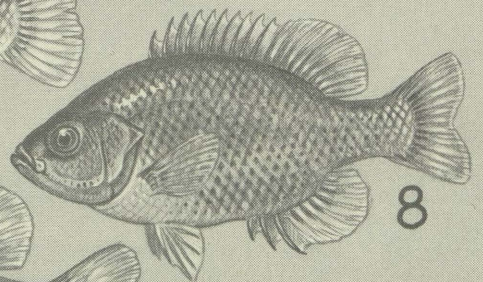
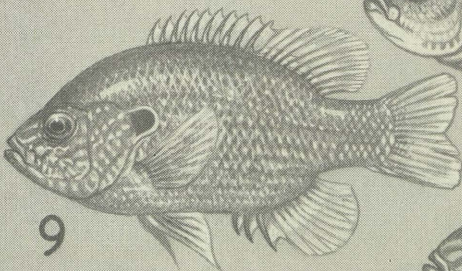
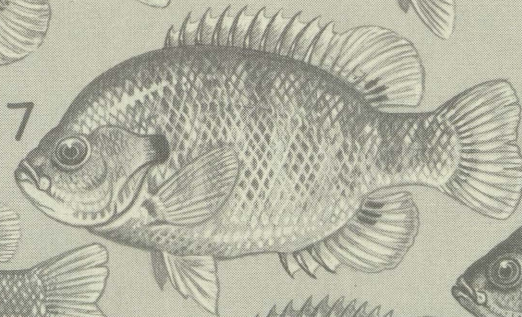
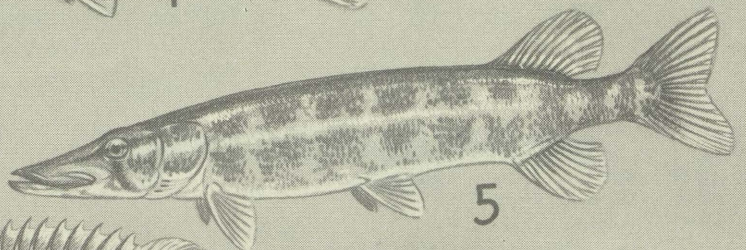
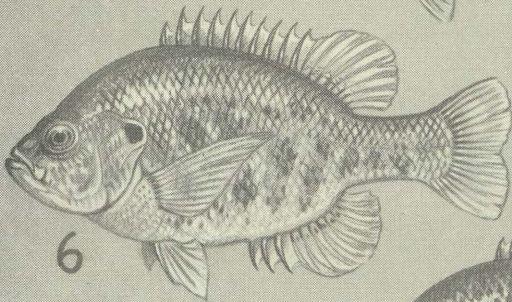
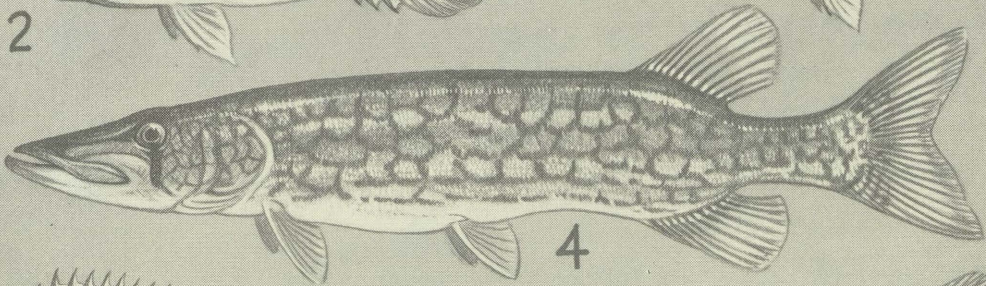
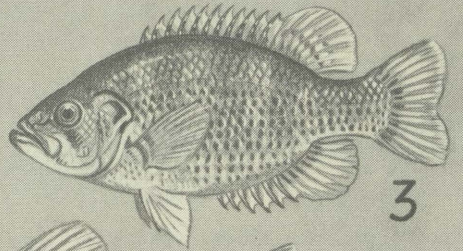
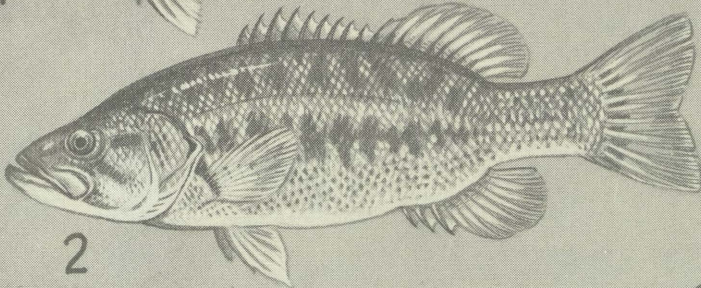
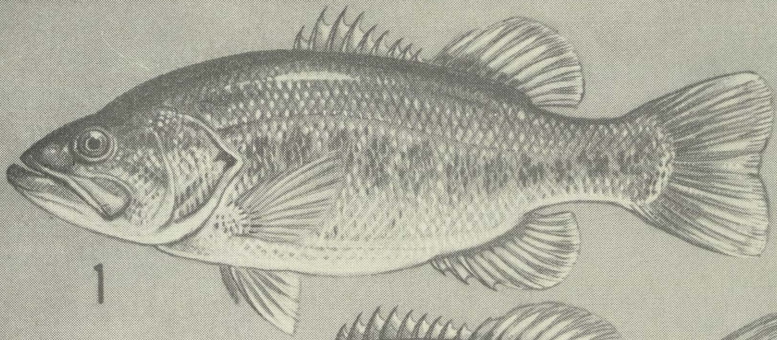
YELLOW RIVER FISHING GUIDE

BASS, PICKEREL and PANFISH

COMMON NAME	OTHER NAMES	RELATIVE ABUNDANCE	BAIT	WHERE AND WHEN
1 Largemouth Bass	Green Trout	Abundant	Artificial plugs and spoons. Live bait. Yellow Sally with spinner good throughout. Near salt water they are caught on live shrimp next to the sawgrass.	In both flowing and calm water. More in the main rivers and around the mouths of the clear tributaries. Year round, best during the spring and fall.
2 Spotted Bass		Rare	Same as Largemouth.	In the swift water of the main river. During the summer.
3 Rock Bass	Goggle eye	Common in certain areas.	Worms, artificial flies, and small live minnows.	Usually found only in the clear, fast flowing tributaries which contain grass areas. Good, winter and summer.
4 Chain Pickerel	Jackfish, Pike	Abundant	Flashing spinners and spoons. Live minnows.	Favor grass edges, also around the mouth and in the clear tributaries and in shallow grassy sloughs. Most active in the winter, but many are caught throughout the year.
5 Redfin Pickerel	Jackfish	Common	Same as Chain Pickerel.	Same as Chain Pickerel.
6 Shellcracker	Redear Sunfish	Abundant Near Bay	On worms fished just outside the sawgrass in the lower section.	Around the sawgrass in the lower section. Some are caught below the Silver Lake Dam. Best during the warmer months.
7 Bluegill	Bream	Common	Worms, crickets, and artificial flies. Some are taken on very small live shiners.	In the deep edges of the rivers and in sloughs around snags.
8 Stumpknocker	Spotted Sunfish	Abundant	All small baits.	Found throughout the watershed. The largest size are found in the clear tributaries. Year around.
9 Dollar Sunfish	Chinkapin	Common	All popular bream baits.	Throughout the watershed. Mostly found in open flowing water. Year round.
10 Long-ear Sunfish	Chinkapin	Common	With artificial flies and on worms.	Mostly around the mouths of the small tributaries, usually those which aren't too clear. Best during the summer.
11 Warmouth	Goggle eye	Abundant	On all small bream baits.	All areas. Seem to favor sluggish, snag-filled waters. Year round.
12 Black Crappie	Speckled Perch	Common	Some are caught with worms and other bream baits, but most are caught on live shiners.	In the deep edges of the Yellow River. Many are found in the sloughs in deep, snaggy areas. Winter.

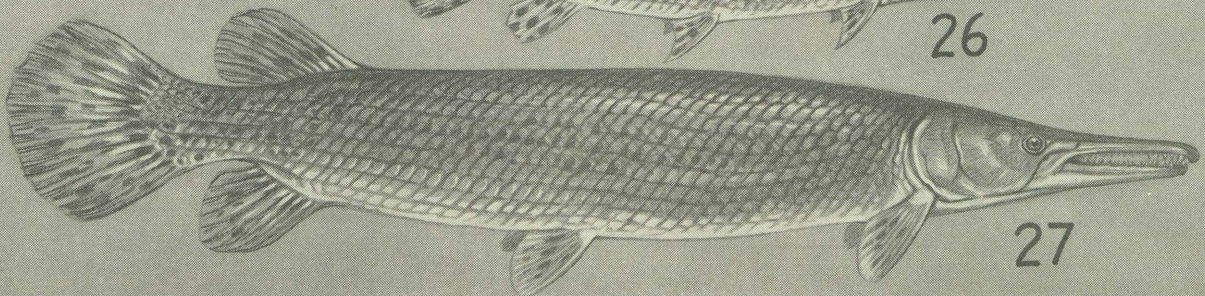
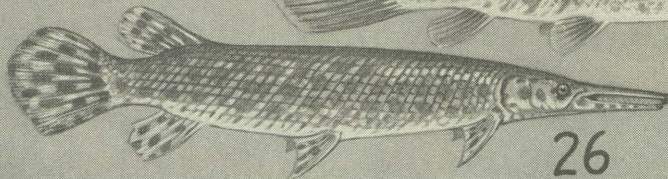
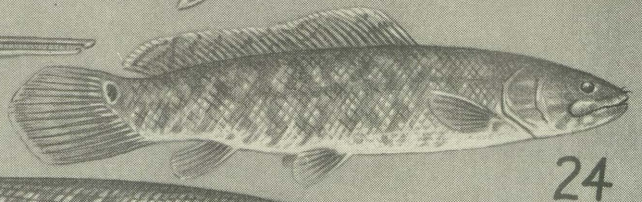
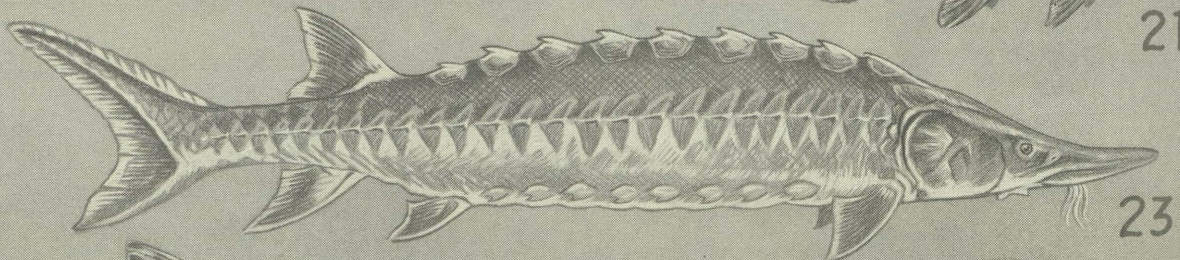
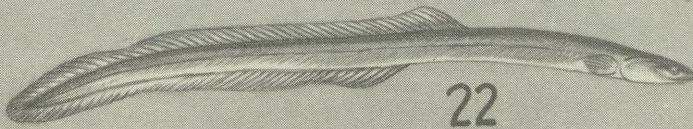
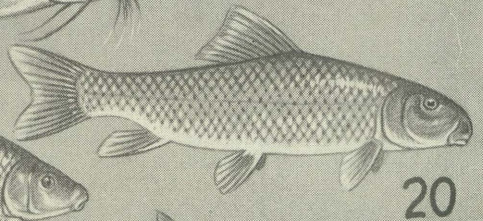
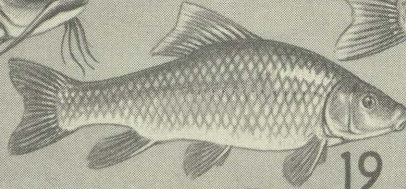
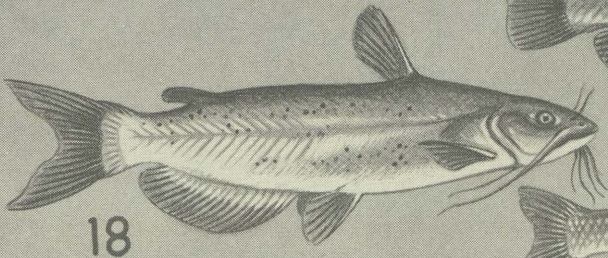
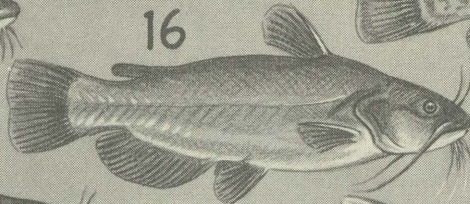
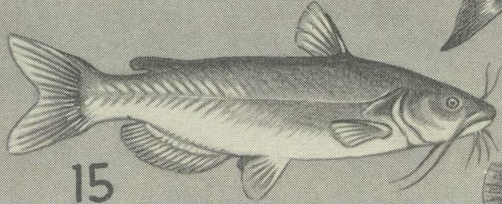
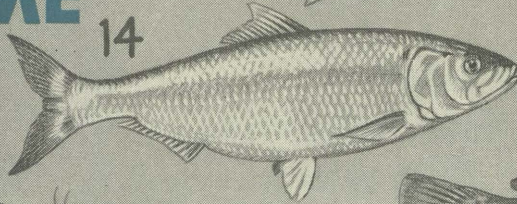
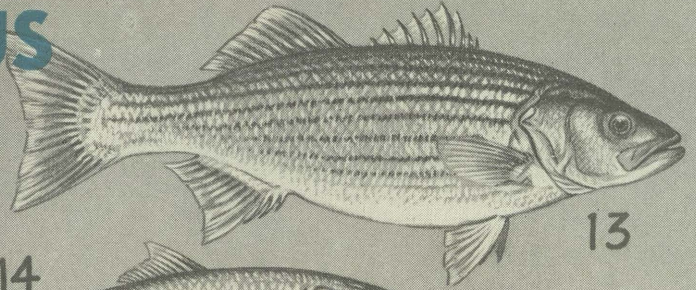
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BASS PICKEREL PANFISH



Wallace
Hughes
1960

ANADROMOUS AND NON-GAME FISH



YELLOW RIVER FISHING GUIDE

ANADROMOUS and NON-GAME FISH

COMMON NAME	OTHER NAMES	RELATIVE ABUNDANCE	BAIT	WHERE AND WHEN
13 Striped Bass	Rockfish	Rare. Only verbal reports. None collected by survey teams.	Artificial plugs, live eels and shad.	In the deep holes in the main river. Reports indicated some are caught around Boiling Creek.
14 Alabama Shad		Seasonal	Small spinners and jigs, and small live shiners.	These migrate up the river channel during the warmer months to spawn.
15 White Cat		Common	Same as Channel Cat.	Same as Channel Cat.
16 Yellow Cat	Butter Cat, Yellow Bullhead	Common	Same as Channel Cat.	Either in current or in the sluggish sloughs around snags and stumps. Year round.
17 Speckled Cat	Brown Bullhead	Occasional	Same as Channel Cat.	Same as Yellow Cat.
18 Channel Cat		Abundant	Shrimp, worms, or any number of smelly morsels. Soap is good for set hooks and trot lines.	In the deep holes in the flowing runs. Usually in loggy areas. Year round.
19 Alabama Chubsucker	Pond Sucker	Abundant	Same as Spotted Sucker.	Found in both flowing and still water. Usually around vegetation in sloughs. Year round.
20 Spotted Sucker		Abundant	Worms fished either on or just above the bottom.	In flowing water usually in deeper holes in the main river channel. Many concentrate around the mouths of the clear tributaries and move up these streams during cold weather. Best during winter months.
21 Blacktail Redhorse	Redhorse	Abundant	Same as Spotted Sucker.	Same as Spotted Sucker.
22 American eel	Eel	Common	All bait, best on live shiners.	In the flowing water of the main river. Year round.
23 Atlantic Sturgeon		Seasonal	Taken mostly by accident on worms and small bits of dough on the bottom.	In the river channel. Usually in the deeper areas and around clay banks.
24 Bowfin	Blackfish, Mudfish, Cotton Fish	Common	All baits and artificial plugs. Favors live shiners.	Usually in sluggish waters, clear or muddy. Also found in grassy sloughs and swamps. Year round.
25 Longnose Gar	Bill Gar	Common	Live bait. Fished near surface.	Usually in the river channel. Seem to concentrate during the winter.
26 Spotted Gar	Fish Gar	Abundant	Live bait. Fished near surface.	Prefer quieter waters in grassy sloughs. Year round, but best during summer.
27 Alligator Gar		Common	Live bait or mullet heads.	In the open sloughs and eddies usually close to main river. During the summer.

NOTE: The salt water fish move short distances into fresh water and are caught around the mouths of the Yellow and its tributaries entering Blackwater Bay. The most common salt water fish taken are Speckled Trout, Channel Bass, and Ladyfish. Others which are taken occasionally are Flounder, Croakers, Spot, Sting Ray, Tarpon, Bull Shark, Gafftopsail and Sea Cat.



A regular boarding house visitor is the Mockingbird, and prefers meals that includes raisins, grapes, mangoes and similar foods.

Their beautiful songs and colorful activity cancels out the little we spend for our . . .

BOARDING HOUSE FOR BIRDS

By HELEN S. KNAUS

WHAT IS THE FAVORITE dish on the wild bird's breakfast tray? The answer, of course, depends on the bird. Red, our rakishly handsome woodpecker in checkered jacket and scarlet beret, honks raucously for an early snack of crumbled doughnuts. The doves must have mixed grain, and our mockingbird chirps demandingly for raisins. The menus are as varied as the patrons of our bird cafeterias.

Some of the food we serve may not be standard fare for all wild birds, but those who live with us dispose of every crumb and ask for second helpings. Strangely enough, when my husband and I moved into our present home a few years ago we didn't have the slightest acquaintance with a bird of any kind. Then one day three beautiful blue-feathered bandit-like creatures with black masks around their eyes teetered on a telephone wire near the back door. As they flexed their biceps menacingly and scolded loudly we were smitten. Inquiries from a neighbor revealed that the callers were blue jays. We put out

bread crumbs, installed a bird bath, and we were in business.

Now, several years, three bird baths, car-loads of provisions and hundreds of birds later, we have at least a working knowledge of bird catering. Such knowledge is somewhat unorthodox in spots, since part of it evolves through the trial and error method, but our lodgers appear happy and healthy, and so do our trees, shrubbery and lawn.

One of the first things we learned in stocking our wild bird larder was that sunflower seed is a culinary favorite of the cardinal. Soon afterward we found that blue jays, woodpeckers, black-birds, and even sparrows, share such a keen relish for this delicacy they will go to any ends to obtain it. Consequently, the mannerly cardinals were completely routed at meal time by a greedy company of birds who jostled, grabbed and stuffed themselves gluttonously.

We thought we had the solution to this problem in a special feeder with a barred opening large enough to admit a cardinal but too small

for larger birds. However, it has not proved to be completely protection against the free-loaders who promptly came up with a plan to outwit us and the cardinals. As soon as one of the cardinals enters the feeder a woodpecker makes a fast landing at the barred entrance and honks fiendishly as he pokes his beak inside one of the openings or a blue jay flashes around the narrow rim of the feeder, pausing to claw frantically at the screened sides. The frightened occupant makes a wild exit, scattering sunflower seed in his wake, which is according to the schedule of the marauders who swoop to the ground to gobble up the tid-bits.

Each family of the feathered flyers has individual requirements as to meal-time. The doves feed at day-break, flying over the house with whistling sounds and fluttering to the ground like small, grey ghosts. Twice a day the feeding stations are set up for other birds. Mixed grain is on the menu for grain-eating birds, as well as cake and cookie crumbs, bread crumbs, cereal, left-over rice,

grits, macaroni, potatoe and vegetables. Doughnuts are rationed more sparingly since they seem to send every bird on the place into a seventh heaven of gustatory bliss and they disappear like magic.

The mockingbird has a feeding tray to himself. He doesn't like crowds, and besides he requires a straight fruit and protein diet. In addition to raisins, we supply him with other fruit, such as grapes, mangoes, avocados, and similar seasonal vianda. He gets his protein from bugs, worms and other insects.

And we provide "in-between" snack material for our guests. This helps keep down the food budget, and it gives them a feeling, (we like to think) of being somewhat on their own. Along the back of our property is a tall hedge of elderberry bushes which developed from pigmy plants we brought from a wooded area. For many months of the year the hedge is heavy with clusters of purple elderberries, solely for the enjoyment of the birds.

In the same wooded section we found a young holly tree, (which is not a holly tree at all except to South Floridians). Around Christmas this tree, now tall and luxuriant, is saggy with scarlet berries and thick with

eager birds. All we ask is a few branches for our own seasonal decorations. A special concession to our tenants is the strawberry tree. It is fast-growing also, covers a lot of ground with its wide, spreading branches, and part of the time litters it with the tiny, sweet cherries which the birds do not eat.

There are raspberry bushes all over the place. We like the fruit, so do the birds, and they have priority. "Birds First" might well be a slogan for the fruit of the canistel, loquat, sapodilla and ambarello trees, but the mockingbird claims the hot, crimson pods on the pepper bush. As for flowering trees, such as golden shower, orchid, Queen's crepe myrtle, and even the mahogany and wild olive, which helps turn our garden into a miniature forest, they play an important part in our project. They provide lodgings for our feathered friends.

During the brief cold spells of winter we point up bird meals with bits of suet, dabs of peanut butter, and even scatterings of wheat germ. And that's when we stock up heavily on staples for our seasonal visitors.

Early in the fall the red-winged blackbirds return from their summer junket to the Everglades. At

once they get busy inspecting the premises and singing their cheery little "oka-lee" notes to each other. A few hummingbirds begin to whirl over the shrubbery like tiny iridescent helicopters. We fill small, brightly painted bottles with sugar syrup and hang them on branches, and very soon the fairy-like creatures are sipping it zestfully.

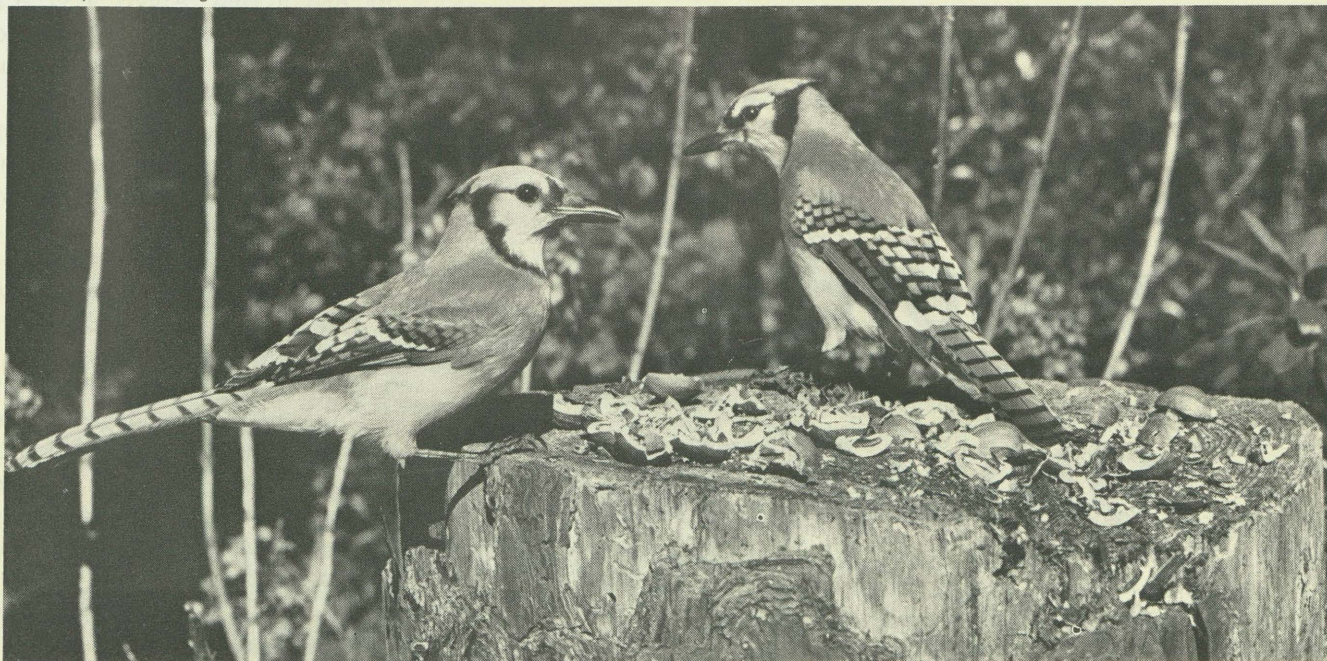
Later on the cat-birds begin winging in. Although they are tourists, they sometimes stay through May, and this pleases us. They are friendly and industrious, and give the shrubbery faithful inspection every day. A bunting or two shows up occasionally. We put out parakeet seed for them, but can't count them as steady. Rather the here-today-gone-tomorrow type.

The robins, who never get down until severe cold hits states to the north of us, are old friends who sit in thoughtful contemplation of the area from a telephone wire along the alley before they head for the bird baths. And such splashy, diving, dunking bathing they engage in while their companions crowd the rims of the bird baths impatiently awaiting their turn. Bathed and refreshed, they head for a feeding station like the veteran visitors they are.

Occasionally a brown thrasher,
(Continued on page 30)

Our first bird acquaintances were Bluejays. We put out bread crumbs, installed a bird bath, and we were in the boarding house for birds business.

Photos By Wallace Hughes





The day the hunter kills his first bird on the wing won't likely be forgotten. . . .

Active outdoorsmen never lack for variety.

They can spin endless tales about

their memorable experiences.

EXPERIENCES UNLIMITED

By EDMUND McLAURIN

IF TRULY, AS HAS BEEN said, variety makes ideal living, then outdoorsmen—meaning hunters, fishermen, mariners and campers, especially—have found their Shangri-La.

They may not always realize hoped for success in their chosen sport but, beyond doubt, they are seldom bored. The more active the sportsman, the more likely he will be the principal in an outdoor incident that will remain fresh in his memory for his lifetime.

Undoubtedly, Mark Twain and Will Rogers, if they were living, would take quick advantage of the wealth of book and commentary material provided by authenticated experiences of modern outdoorsmen. Currently, Bob Hope is seemingly overlooking a good thing.

The situations that outdoorsmen get into—but not always out of—have all the elements of humor, philosophy, pathos, outright tragedy, personal assinity and mere chance. Even Shakespeare would have had no cause to complain, were he faced with writing a modernized version of the Seven Ages of Man.

Deer hunters look forward all summer long to hunting season, then when it finally rolls around, many needlessly spoil their chances to score

There was the season when a good friend and I occupied adjacent tree-stands. I had a shotgun that day; he had a rifle. About 9:30 A.M. I glimpsed a buck sneaking through the brush, too far away for me to make a kill, but on a course that would take him near my friend's stand. In fact, the buck walked within thirty feet of his elevated platform, but passed unseen. I checked the situation through my binoculars, to find out just why my friend had failed to see the deer. My companion was looking over the edge of his tree platform, his vision fixed on the ground directly beneath him. Later I told him about the passing deer and that he had missed his chance by being preoccupied. "What were you doing, anyway?" I asked him.

"Watching an ant hill," he sheepishly confessed.

Simple absent-mindedness has ruined promising trips. Resulting situations often have been ludicrous, sometimes quite serious . . .

Hunting with an empty gun is common occurrence every season, especially among deer hunters. Either the hunters forget to load, or else load magazines but fail to feed cartridge or shell into chamber. Also, sometimes cartridge carriers fail to do their jobs; especially can this be true of some lever and autoloading rifle actions. Whatever the reason, some of the guns carried afield are as useless as a tuxedo in that environment.

One Florida hunter planned a Canadian big game hunt for many years. As the date neared, he gave serious, personal attention to every detail of advance preparation.

After carefully sighting-in his Winchester Model 70 bolt-action rifle, he cleaned and reverently placed it in its protective carrying case the night before his departure for Canada by plane. The trip northward was without incident, and at destination his chartered guide was waiting to take him far from civilization. Two days later, ready to begin hunting, he slipped his rifle from its case—only to discover that he had for-

gotten to replace the bolt the night he had cleaned the rifle at home!

In other historic instances, hunters have gone into remote areas with every item on a carefully compiled list—with the single exception of all-important scope sight, ammunition or even entire gun.

Other common incidents resulting from haste or downright carelessness have been those where hunters have gone afield with pockets stuffed with 16 gauge shotshells, but carrying a 12 gauge gun, and where deer hunters have mistakenly pocketed .270 caliber cartridges for .30-06 ammunition or vice versa.

Incident has become accident in certain cases where wrong ammunition has unnoticeably been taken afield and actually fired in a gun of different gauge or caliber. The rimmed .32-20 cartridge can be mistakenly chambered and fired in a .30-40 Krag, and 8mm's sometime incorrectly get into .30-36 rifles.

Another frequent mistake is inadvertent mixing of 20 and 12 gauge shells, and blows resulting from carelessly chambering a 12 gauge shell back of a 20 that somehow gets loaded ahead of it and slips unnoticed from chamber into forcing cone of the barrel.

Borrowed guns have caused hunters all sorts of trouble and disappointment.

There was the fellow who borrowed a rifle and took it deer hunting without test firing it. The second day out an unsuspecting buck walked into a clearing, offering the hunter an unobstructed shot. Very slowly, very carefully he shouldered his rifle, centered front sight on the vital area just back of the deer's foreleg and executed a smooth trigger squeeze. The only result was a loud metallic click. Later—with the buck safely on his way—closer inspection disclosed the borrowed rifle lacked a firing pin!

Many persons have also borrowed deer rifles and gone hunting without testing them for correct sight alignment, and invariably missed by the proverbial mile when opportunity knocked. (Always test fire a borrowed gun before you use it for hunting, if you would eat game!)

Not funny at all have been gun accidents developing from lack of firearms education by persons borrowing guns from shooter-friends.

One hunting season, it seemed that hunting fever had settled on everyone. Despite my reluctance to let
(Continued on next page)

Odd and unhappy things can happen to the hunter who fails to check out his gun and equipment carefully. If the gun is borrowed, know the proper operation, and always test fire it before going hunting.

Photo By Wallace Hughes



(Continued on preceding page)

him use it, an acquaintance insisted on borrowing a 12 gauge autoloading shotgun. The man didn't know much about guns, and when I tried to explain safe loading and unloading operations he kept talking about where he planned to hunt, instead of paying close attention. Also, he spurned my suggestion that he borrow a simple, breech-breaking double barrel model instead of the complex autoloader.

The next morning I picked up the paper and read where the guy had blown off an arm at shoulder joint, through gun handling carelessness at home. He lived a week.

Tired old shotguns with Damascus barrels made of laminated spirals of iron and steel may suddenly lose all their strength and spirit when fired with modern smokeless powder loads. Sometimes no harm is done to the shooter; in many cases, however, the death knell of an old shotgun, intended to handle only low pressure blackpowder loads, collects a finger or two or a hand. (Retire those old blackpowder burners, is sage advice.)

Cleaning rags left in barrels are another cause of barrel rupture. A friend of mine living in the Ocala National Forest inherited a shotgun from a neighbor killed in an automobile accident. Noting that the gun was loaded, he removed the shells and put them on a shelf before standing the gun in a corner.

One day he looked out his kitchen window and saw an armadillo destroying his vegetable garden. Quickly he slipped the shells into the gun, closed the action, took careful aim and fired.

The explosion burst the shotgun barrel just ahead of gun breech and severely lacerated several fingers of his left hand. Only skillful surgery enabled him to retain fingers and usefulness.

I strongly suspect the former owner had left a sheepskin barrel swab or a cleaning patch in the shot-



Among unforeseen happenings while hunting is falling out of tree stands. Bowhunters, particularly, are prone to such mishaps.

gun's barrel, where it had remained unnoticed. On the other hand, it may have been an old blackpowder shotgun that simply got tired and quit . . .

A most unusual occurrence was the authenticated experience of the high-seat hunter who fired at a meandering fox and had his rifle bullet ricochet off a tree and kill a previously undetected turkey hiding in close-by brush.

Florida wildlife officers of the particular sector are still laughing about the time a hunter presented a buzzard for weighing, sincerely believing he had bagged a wild turkey.

Finally, near Eglin Field there lives a hunter who practiced turkey calling every day for a year in order to be a perfectionist come hunting season. He was! The first day out he "called" so naturally that another hunter filled the back of his head with No. 2 shot.

Duck hunters have their fair share of unusual experiences, too. Besides wandering into and hunting inside

sanctuaries closed to all hunting, they've shot wood or rubber decoys by mistake, fallen overboard, and had retrieved, but only stunned, ducks revive and fly away!

Rare experiences of record include hunters witnessing the killing of 41 feeding ducks by a bolt of lightning, and encountering a flock of ducks dead drunk from heavy eating of mash from a moonshiner's still!

Some of the rural homes in the Ocala area have unmatched furniture pieces of age and beauty. One table fascinated me particularly; I also noted that it had been broken and repaired. The owner noticed my interest and smilingly told me the story connected with the repair.

It seems that, for better ventilation, he habitually left both the front and rear doors of the house wide open. Also, for under-porch enclosure, he had stretched fine mesh chicken wire around a considerable area.

One day a hot fox chase developed close by. The fox headed in the direction of the house, encountered the wire and made quick decision to race through the open front door and out the back. The eleven dogs in close pursuit did likewise. The damaged table was among the wreckage left by the passing tempest.

Hunting unfamiliar game species in strange country can foster some unusual happenings . . .

In one of the Western states, a visiting neophyte Eastern hunter proudly and innocently attempted to check out a very dead burro as a "cow elk", even though the animal was wearing shoes!

Even getting to a far away hunting spot can involve a fellow in a rare situation . . . The Florida hunter was en route to Wyoming by bus. It was one of those new buses, with installed chemical toilet requiring no flushing. But the guy didn't know that! He pulled the only cord in sight—and brought the bus to an emergency stop, and the anxious driver to investigate . . .

Bowhunting, a relatively new na-

tional sport, has a fast-growing file of interesting anecdotes . . .

Here in Florida, where it is popular practice to bowhunt from advantageous elevated blinds, some bowmen every season forget the hazards of high-seat hunting and suffer bone-jarring falls, if not worse.

Last year at Inverness a bowman shot at a buck from a tree platform but missed, and unknowingly took a step backward. Quickly nocking another arrow he loosed the shaft and again unknowingly took a step backward. He not only missed the deer but noisily crashed to the ground when his second backward step went over the edge of platform!

Another tree-seat occupant spied a deer approaching along a well-defined game trail and stood up, bow in readiness. His intention was to release his arrow as the buck walked directly under his tree platform. The closer the deer approached, the more the hunter leaned forward. Just as the buck passed under the waiting hunter, the latter toppled off his platform from uncontrolled overbalance.

A third hunter occupied a ground-level blind and chose to release sev-

eral practice shafts at fallen pine cones in order to get an idea of correct aim for various distances. He then left his blind long enough to retrieve his arrows and return them to his quiver. Unknown to him, he had pulled the broadhead hunting point off one of the arrows when he pulled it from the ground and tucked the retrieved shaft in his quiver. Of course, it had to be this particular non-killing arrow that he chose when he selected an arrow at random, nocked it and released accurately at a deer!

Fishing stories are so numerous or staggering of imagination that only two or three can be chosen and mentioned here . . .

While catching the same fish after losing it in piscatorial battle is no longer novel in the way of a fishing experience, catching the same fish a year later with rustless Z-Nickel hook still securely imbedded, is not. The incident made the Robert Ripley column.

On the amusing side is the story of the fisherman who belatedly arrived on the scene and anchored his boat near a rival angler who had used a buoyant innertube to float

himself over a deep hole in an otherwise shallow river. The tube was almost entirely concealed by the fisherman's jacket. Figuring that the fellow already fishing was standing on the river bottom, the new arrival slipped on his waders and stepped over the side—into eighteen feet of water!

Then there was the day in November 1937 when a huge school of menhaden entered Topsail Inlet, North Carolina, on an incoming tide and packed the quarter-mile wide inlet so solidly that fishing boats in the inlet were stalled and feeding sharks were suffocated in the compact mass! The story is true. I was there and made a picture of the phenomenon, as change of tide left millions of dead fish behind. The files of the Wilmington (N. C.) STAR-NEWS will substantiate the story.

Humorous and not-so-humorous incidents relative to camping are legion, as every adult and youth knows.

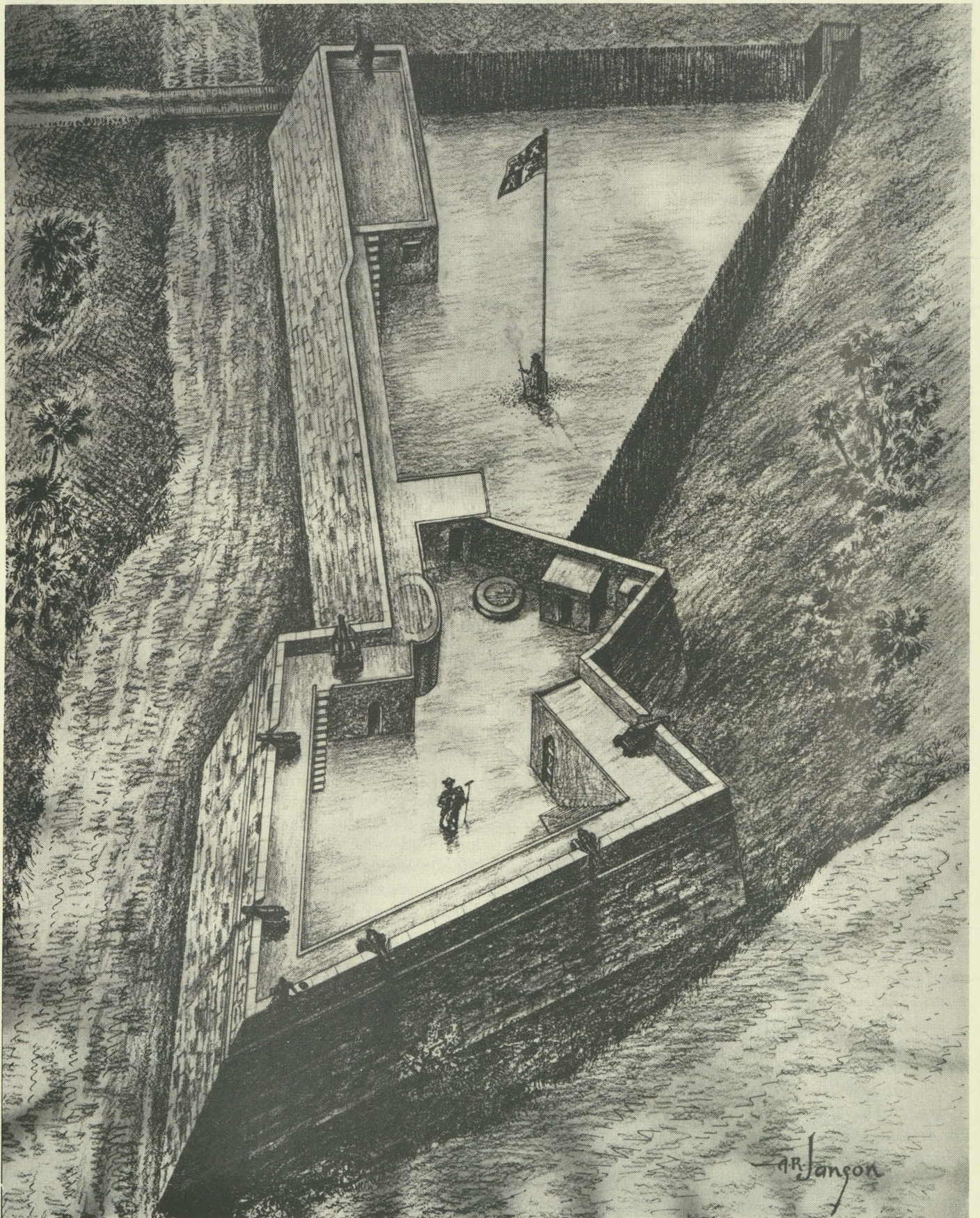
At one of the youth camps, the products of snake hunts invariably found temporary home in the big metal can that was a component of

(Continued on page 30)

While catching the same fish after losing it is no longer novel in the way of fishing experience among adults, it is a great day in the life of a youngster.



THE OLD SPANISH FORT



AT ST. MARKS

BY STANLEY J. OLSEN

FLORIDA GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

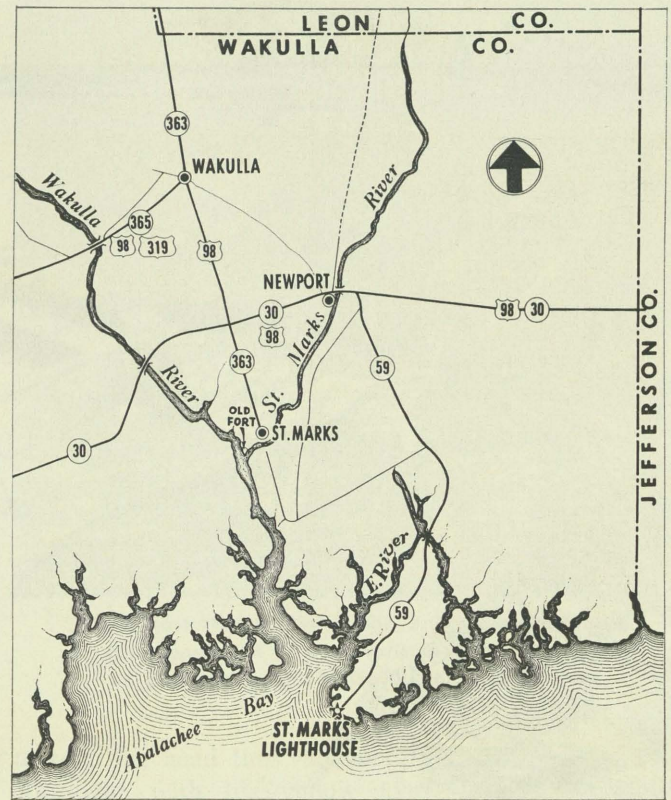
NUMEROUS FISHERMAN FROM north Florida and south Georgia depart from Shell Island on the Wakulla River or from the town of St. Marks on the St. Marks River to run out to the shallow water "flats" for some of the best gulf fishing that Florida has to offer. The spit of land that is passed a quarter of a mile farther downstream, where the two rivers join, has little meaning to most of these sportsmen except as a point in the stream where the throttles can be opened wide, leaving the congested smaller channels behind.

This relatively high piece of ground, site of Old Fort St. Marks, is not approachable by land although a wagon road once connected the fort with the mainland. A wide stretch of tidal swamp now separates the ruins of the fort from the town of St. Marks.

A part of the old fort wall is still visible on the Wakulla River bank and some of the bastion foundations can be traced inland, although they are for the most part covered with vines, creepers, and rotting humus. The bulk of the faced limestone that once formed the rising bulwarks was hauled away in the 1830's to build the St. Marks lighthouse, which still serves as a landmark and beacon on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico to the south.

The fort has a long and interesting history dating back to the latter part of the seventeenth century. The Spanish explorers first visited the St. Marks area in 1513 under the leadership of Ponce de Leon. Hernando de Soto's expedition wintered in the area in 1539-40, but it was not until 1662 that the need for a fortification was recommended to the Spanish court. The first fort of logs was erected in 1679 to offer some protection to the port of Apalachee Province from the pirate raids which were a constant threat to the inhabitants of the area. This fort protected the few settlers that raised garden produce for the flourishing mission system, which headquartered in St. Augustine. The wooden fort was occupied by the Spanish until 1758 when it was destroyed by a hurricane with the loss of 40 lives. Some of the fort palisades can still be traced underwater on the St. Marks River side of the island.

The Spanish had started construction in 1739 on a



The old fort, shown on the map at the confluence of the St. Marks and Wakulla rivers, was known by numerous titles. The Spanish called it San Marcos de Apalache; the British referred to it as "Apalache;" the U.S. named it Fort Marks, and the Confederates changed it to Fort Ward.

permanent triangular three-bastion stone fort and while construction was in progress were garrisoned in the wooden fort. Only one of the bastions, named San Fernando, on the Wakulla River was completed by the time it was turned over to the British in 1764.

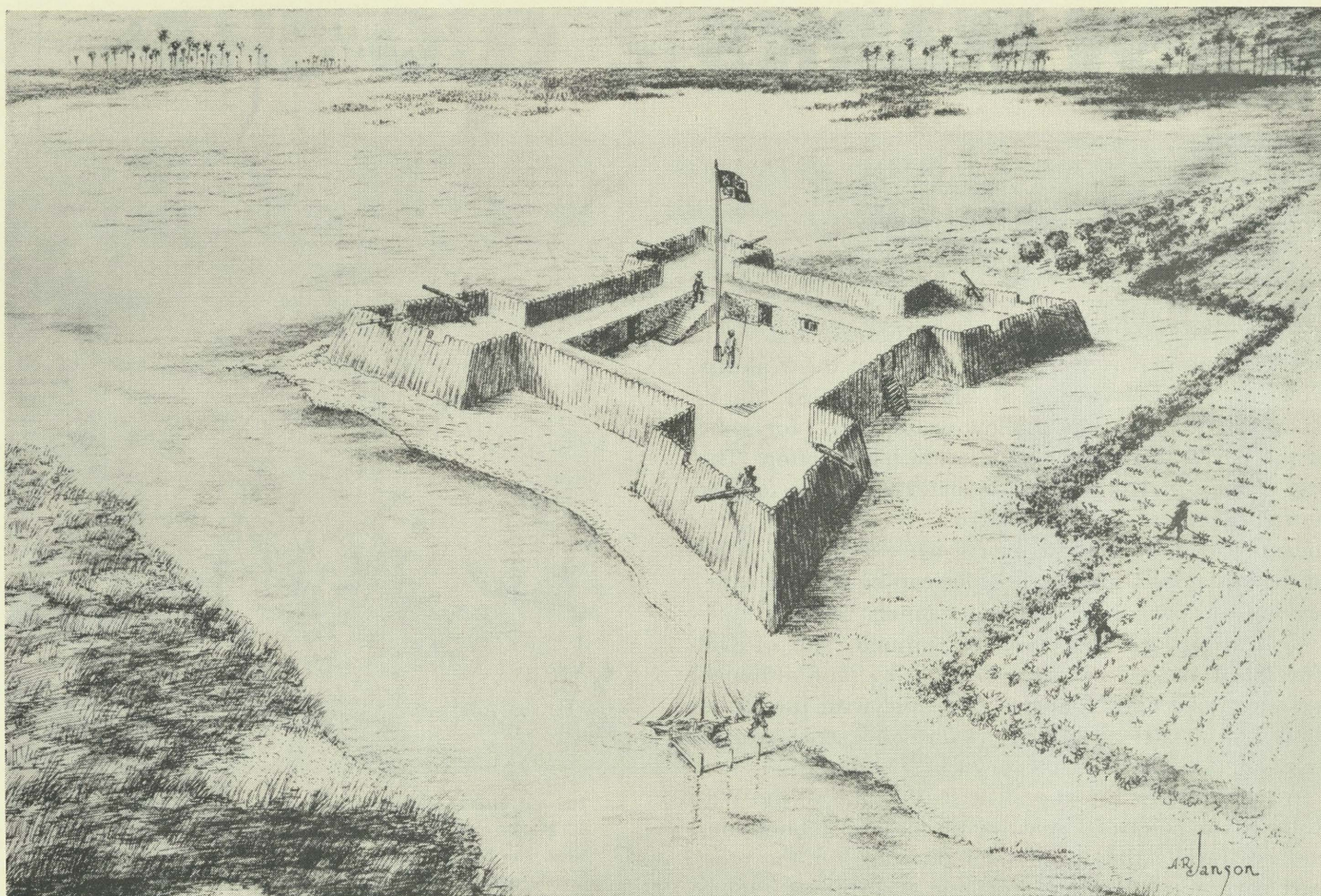
Members of the British 9th, 16th, and 60th Regiments of Foot garrisoned the fort until it was abandoned in 1779. Little or no changes were made to the structure during British possession.

In 1782 the Spaniards re-garrisoned their old fort. In 1800 one William Augustus Bowles had declared himself Director General of the State of Muskogee and forced the surrender of the fort in May of that year. About a month later the Spanish sent a large force from Pensacola and the fort was retaken. It was occupied by the Spanish Crown until General Andrew Jackson overran it in 1818. United States forces occupied the area at various times from 1818 until 1821, when they were permanently stationed at the fort until 1824.

Little of importance happened at the fort from Jackson's time until the Civil War except for the construction of a marine hospital in 1859. In 1861 the Confederate States sent armed forces to the island to strengthen the old fortification. This marked the first major constructional change in the old fort since it

(continued on next page)

The Wakulla River (San Fernando) bastion, at left, one of a proposed three-bastion fort of faced limestone. This was the only wing that was constructed. It was occupied in turn by Spanish, English, United States, and Confederate States forces.



First wooden Spanish Fort at the confluence of the St. Marks and Wakulla Rivers. c. 1682.
It was destroyed by a hurricane.

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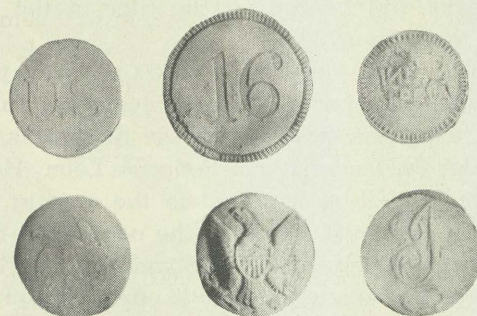
was erected by the Spanish. The Confederate occupation of this strategic site probably had considerable to do with the fact that Tallahassee remained the only state capital in the south that did not fall into Federal hands.

The fort was known by numerous titles. It was called San Marcos de Apalache by the Spanish. The British referred to it simply as "Apalache." The U. S. troops called it Fort St. Marks, but the Confederates renamed it Fort Ward.

The property is now in private hands but a bill has been introduced in Congress (H. R. 10962) by Representative Bob Sikes requesting that the land be procured by the Federal government for a historical site.

If the bill is passed the fort will be supervised and developed by the National Park Service. The bill calls for the area to be excavated, partially restored, and landscaped with a roadway and parking lot to be constructed for visitors. A museum will be erected to house the contemporary artifacts and records that relate to the area.

Although Castillo de San Marcos in St. Augustine is more impressive to the average visitor, little more



Pewter and brass army uniform buttons from various Spanish, British, and American units that were stationed at Fort St. Marks.

can be learned from the structure as it has been more or less completely excavated. Little remains of the above-ground structure of Old Fort St. Marks, but its inaccessible location plus the lush vegetation have preserved the historical material that surely awaits the trowel and brush of the trained archaeologist.

Scuba prospecting during the last year in the rivers that run on both sides of the fort have indicated that a wealth of historic specimens are yet to be received from this most interesting military site. ●

NATURE'S WAY

(Continued from page 13)

food in the feeder, dominates the area—excepting the mocker and the raucous starling—and does some damage at other birds' nests, though not so bad as he's painted. I still like him, for he's a dashing, boisterous personality of the avian world. The clear, piercing calls and the mimicry of this sassy "flash of blue" somehow seems to raise one's spirit and make him know that life is vibrant, full and beautiful—even for the sick and sad at heart. He's smart and cunning, and his sharp eye is first to see the hunting house cat and the slithering snake. And, in a language they all understand, he tells the thrasher, the wood thrush, the cardinal and the joree, and some of the little fellows—the song sparrow, the wren and the titmouse—who raise an insistent and lively din of mixed voices to scare away the intruder. Yes, I like him very much, and I appreciate his work as a forester in planting acorns and nuts. Mr. Bluejay has a country cousin, the well-known Florida branch of the scrub jay (Florida Jay) who loves dense thickets. These equally-noisy ground feeders are first class foresters.

As the days lengthen, the sod webworms, the cutworms and the armyworms intensify their dirty work. Although chlordane, dieldrin, lindane and similar insecticides are prescribed controls for appreciable infestations, we do get a lot of help from flickers, grackles, catbirds, mockingbirds, cardinals, bluebirds, thrashers, wood thrushes, towhees and many others—including many of the smaller birds such as the wrens. Even the noisy starlings have that one redeeming side to their despicable character. Some of these birds make insects one half or more of their diet. The click beetle, progenitor of the wireworm, seems to be a favorite food of the catbird that nests in the bougainvillea vine. It is not too well known that catbirds feed their young entirely on insects. Chinch bugs are on the shopping list of many of our birds, glad to say, for that insect has become such a pest.

After a heavy rain, we often see Florida Grackles crow-waddling across the lawn, picking up the various worms and beetles that have been forced into the open. The Grackle, proudly sporting his iridescent attire, sometimes wades around over his boot tops as unconcerned as a school kid seeking a thrill in a deep puddle. Although he sometimes raids other birds' nests, as do the cuckoo, the jay, the wren and the obnoxious starling, his good deeds far outweigh his bad. We'll welcome him at any time, even when the flock takes over the eugenia tree for a raucous discussion of everything in general.

The Brown Thrasher is a shy but inquisitive bird. If you remain quiet and motionless when he's feeding, he will often run toward you, a little at a time, pausing



At least three-fourths of the Brown Thrasher's food consists of a wide variety of insects, including those that hibernate in the winter.

to turn his head this way and that, to give you the once-over with his yellow eyes. I like to watch him tossing leaves with his long, powerful bill—like a farmer tossing hay. At least three fourths of his food consists of a wide variety of insects and, like the towhee, he destroys many hibernating insects that would become legion in the spring and summer. I'll never forget the first vesper song of that master singer whose voice compares to the mockingbird's in beauty, though not in continuity or versatility. From the uppermost tuft of a towering longleaf pine, the thrasher poured forth his song—clear, pure and vibrant—in marked contrast to the empty stillness of descending night. It seemed as though he were caroling the coming of some joyous event of which I had no knowledge.

We've merely scratched the surface, in chatting about some of the birds and their invaluable contribution to the master plan. One could study just a few for many years without knowing all the details of how they fit into the pattern of life, even though many books have been written about them.

We haven't mentioned some of the best loved birds—the mocker and the bluebird, for instance—or many of our tiny friends such as the flycatchers, warblers and kinglets; or the many woodpeckers that patrol the barkline of our forests; or the less-known birds of the deep swamps and the upper air—the owls and hawks, etc. Perhaps we'll have that opportunity at some other time.

There could hardly be a more fitting finish than the words of Archibald Rutledge: "His continuance of creation has always seemed to me a greater marvel than His genesis of it." ●

BOARDING HOUSE

(Continued from page 21)

wrens, or a pair of flickers drop in for a short stay. And the grackles come and go all year through. They are considered graceless creatures, and they do keep the baths untidy with their ceaseless dunking of food, but they strut around with ludicrously important airs, appearing as much at home as the lodgers who may have claim to a higher perch on the social register.

Birds are prodigious eaters and we are sometimes asked if we do not spend a great deal on food for our boarders. Inquirers seem surprised

when we tell them that it never costs "a great deal" to keep birds. But in answer to another frequent question, "What do you use to keep your lawn and shrubbery in such fine condition?" we are happy to say, "Birds."

And we are being completely truthful. Because we have wild birds we have a minimum of bugs, worms and similar insects preying on our growing things. We have no use for poisonous sprays and insecticides. We fertilize sparingly and infrequently, yet lawn and shrubbery are lushly green and thriving. Our birds take care of the garden, except for cutting the grass, and an occasional wedding. We consider their

part in maintaining our growing things in a healthy state as payment in full for the food and lodging we give them.

And there's something else—something special. We consider the privilege of helping to conserve, in a small way, our wild birds who are threatened with extinction because of progress in human affairs, an extra dividend. There is the satisfaction of seeing wild creatures respond to man's gestures of friendship. Listening to their songs, seeing the color, the activity, the beauty they give to their surroundings is a cancelled note for the little we spend on our boarding house for birds. ●

EXPERIENCES UNLIMITED

(Continued from page 25)

the camp's crank-style ice cream freezer. Of course, before true purpose application, the container was always scalded and otherwise washed thoroughly.

One table group, however, had a youngster with over-active imagination. When companions ganged up to jokingly complain that the ice cream "tastes funny" and "we'll bet it's because of the snake we kept in the can," the youngster with the squeamish stomach sorrowfully pushed aside his serving—whereupon the others seized the uneaten dessert and divided it to advantage!

Then there was the adult camper who just couldn't tolerate bugs, especially ants and mosquitoes. For protection, he kept tent flaps tightly fastened and a spray gun within easy reach.

One night, when he had driven to town for supplies, his companions opened wide the flaps of his one-man tent and hung a bright-burning Coleman lantern in the doorway. Also, they emptied his Flit-gun and refilled it with sugared water and thin syrup, taking care to smear a little insect repellent on the outside of the container to give it sufficient odor to allay suspicion. Just before the fel-

low's return to camp, the bright light was removed and the tent flaps again carefully fastened . . . The net result was tent held convention of a million or so mosquitoes and ants, and the more the poor guy sprayed in retaliation to biting mosquitoes, the more ants and sugar-feeding bugs he attracted!

On one occasion, companions opened a bottle of strong smelling deer scent and placed it beside me while I was sleeping. However, instead of waking, I slept soundly on. Finally, in self-preservation, they capped the smelly bottle and opened

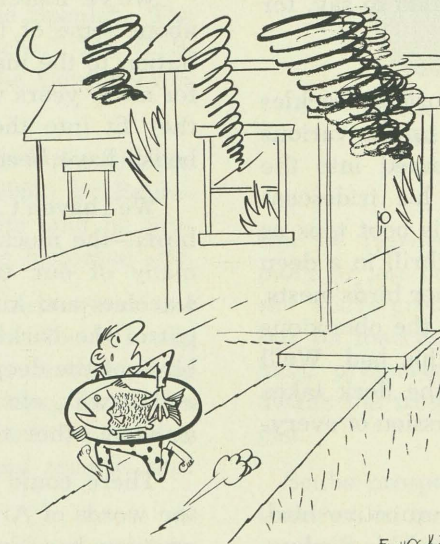
all the cabin's windows—despite a 29 degree outside temperature.

Use of deer musk scents to kill give-away human odor has resulted in many amusing field experiences. Two such I experienced myself.

In the first instance, free-running dogs picked up the scent trail left by my odorous passing and bore down on me. I was hunting at ground level and leaning against a tree when I heard dogs coming my way, vocal and obviously eager. I anticipated the advance coming of a deer that never materialized. Instead, I suddenly found myself surrounded by seven sniffing, puzzled dogs. They had come to the end of the scent trail, but there was no deer!

The second time, I was in a tree-stand when I spotted a lone dog patiently unraveling my winding, unseen scent trail. At last he came to the base of my tree, put front feet high on tree trunk and howled loudly. He wouldn't quiet down and he wouldn't leave! I had to give up any idea of further still-hunting at that spot . . .

The more active the outdoorsman, the greater his chances of experiencing unusual, amusing or serious situations. Undeniably, he will have his fair share, for to each and to all there exist the necessary ingredients for experiences unlimited. ●



"At least my most prized possession is safe!"

MUZZLE FLASHES

(Continued from page 8)

ing use conversions conflicted in any way with the intent and legal provisions of Section 2733(a), Internal Revenue Code, IR Bulletin No. 19, dated May 10, 1954.

We were assured that the law had never been considered applicable to sportsmen, and that such conversion of revolvers to handle shotshell cartridges did not conflict with this Federal Law concerning illegal shotguns. In support of its obtained ruling, the NRA printed the following statement in a "box" on the pages of *THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN* carrying instructions for converting revolvers to handle shotshells: "The alteration of .38 and .45 caliber revolvers by the removal of the rifling from the barrel and the use of standard revolver casings, handloaded with shot instead of customary lead projectiles, does not remove such weapons from the classification of revolvers. They are not prohibited firearms (sawed-off shotguns) within the meaning of Section 2733(a) of the Internal Revenue Code—Ruling of the U. S. Treasury Dept., Internal Revenue Service, IR Bulletin No. 19, dated May 10, 1954."

However, it seems the printing of the how-to-do-it article in *THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN*, and my own mention of the possibilities of hunting small game and varmints with an old revolver converted to handle shot cartridges, sent some overly zealous Federal officials rushing to the law books to see if they could find some clause of prohibitory interpretation and application. The net result was that the Treasury Dept. reversed itself and defined such conversions as "illegal barrel length shotguns" instead of revolvers. The high officials were obstinate, and it was necessary for both the NRA and myself to explain the situation to shooters and warn against illegal conversion of old revolvers.

Meanwhile, we went to bat for sportsmen. Anyone familiar with



When big bore revolver barrels become badly worn, they can be smoothbored and used to fire shotshell cartridges under a recently revised Federal Law.

government red tape knows the typical time and effort involved.

Now, after both friendly and stormy negotiations, the Treasury Dept. officials have again reversed themselves and declared that sportsmen can legally convert and possess shotshell revolvers without legal conflict with the previously named section of the Internal Revenue Code.

Owners of such altered guns do, however, have to report and fully describe such weapons to the Director, Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division, U. S. Internal Revenue Service, Washington 25, D. C., and pay a fee

of \$5.00 each time "ownership is transferred" — which is a far cry from the formerly required \$200 possession and transfer tax.

Many readers will recall with nostalgic affection the little .410 gauge single shot pistols that Iver Johnson, Stevens and others used to market—also the Marble Game-Getter. All these once-popular guns were outlawed by legal embracement in the provisions of the Federal gun legislation of the 1930-40 decade.

Another popular gun model that got the axe as a result of the embrative "sawed-off shotgun" law phraseology was the Ithaca Auto and Burglar gun, a 20 gauge double, with barrels only 12¼ inches long and a handgun style stock.

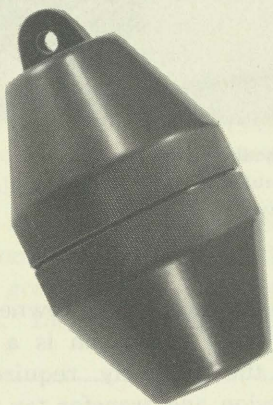
Under the recent modification of the old law and its accepted legal language interpretation, it may be that the way is now clear for resumption of manufacture of the popular Marble Game-Getter and certain other sporting arms.

Possibly, too, Colt, Ruger and Smith & Wesson—the big three among handgun manufacturers—will market special shotshell versions of certain current models like the Colt Single Action, Ruger Blackhawk and Smith & Wesson K-38 and .38/44 Outdoorsman models, or shotshell revolvers of new concept. As we await trade action, it is interesting to speculate just what eventually will be available in ready-to-use form. ●



"I'd have put it on myself, but I can never remember how to tie one of those square knots."

TESTS^{AND} TELLS



Game biologists are quite in agreement that wild deer and certain other game species, as well as some fish, possess an acute sense of smell. When conditions are right, deer—for example—can detect even the merest whiff of human scent, air-borne or unknowingly deposited by a human touching or brushing against an object.

Just as wild quail and deer leave a scent trail that the hunter's dog can detect and follow so, too, do humans leave a scent trail detectable to wild game. Hunters have long recognized the advantage of hunting so that wind or prevailing air currents cannot carry a scent-alarm to the sensitive nostrils of game. The more serious ones now take every precaution against letting unavoidable human odor get in general circulation. They do this by using natural game and woods' scents to minimize their own natural body scent. Musk scents, taken from the glands of deer and other wild animals, are especially effective and therefore popular.

Usual procedure is to pour or smear a few drops of scent on clothing and boots and around an occupied blind.

The objectionable feature is that most of these prepared scents smell to high heaven in respect to permeating the hunter's clothing long after his day's hunt is finished! As a rule, truly efficacious scents are not easily washed off, but most gradually wear off.

Now available is a scent container that can be filled with a blend of deer musk or similar natural scent, and then released (via seepage) into the air as needed. Known as the Miracle Lure (no connection with the fishing plug of same name) Cartridge, the scent-containing plastic unit can be suspended from hunting clothing without resulting messiness, until contents need be dispersed. A hole in the upper half section permits attaching a leather thong or loop of fishing line.

To release the liquid scent that comes with the unit, or the brand of your own choosing, it is only necessary to unscrew the upper half section ONE FULL TURN. The only time it is necessary to open the Miracle Lure Cartridge is when it needs recharging. Open or closed, it cannot spill its liquid.

In appearance, the Miracle Lure Cartridge looks like a miniature deep sea diving bell. Green in color, it measures 3 1/4 inches overall length and about 1 3/4 inches in diameter in diameter at its middle. The tough, molded cartridge should give years of service. So far as FWFT&T can judge, it need be filled only once each hunting season, for the average user. Refills can be obtained from the manufacturer, or you can substitute the brand of your choice. FWFT&T believes it is best to use commercial scents compounded by experienced trappers and game biologists.

The Miracle Lure Cartridge, and an initial supply of scent, is \$2.95—postpaid—from Miracle Lure Company, P. O. Box 34, Lansdowne, Pennsylvania.



Enticing a wild turkey tom or hen to come within effective killing range of waiting hunter and gun, through imitated turkey "talk", isn't easy to do. The feat not only requires almost infinite patience and immobility (often prolonged to a degree 'way past the stage of mild discomfort), but also demands ability to imitate basic turkey talk without tonal flaw.

Serious turkey hunters recognize the fact



"Don't you want the bait bucket, dear?"

they need the best, most natural sounding caller they can find and, more important, its complete mastery.

The time to learn to use a turkey call is in the summer months, weeks ahead of planned hunting.

Where field experiments cannot be carried out in supplement to home practice sessions, it is a good idea to drive to the nearest farm raising a flock of domestic turkeys and see what luck you have in getting them to approach your place of concealment and emanating calling.

For those who prefer a mouth-operated type of turkey caller, FWFT&T recommends experimentation with a caller made and distributed by turkey hunter Leon C. Johnenning, Lexington, Virginia. This caller was reported on in the September 1956 issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE*, and is basically the same product, but has been improved in potential effectiveness by combining it with both a 45 rpm phonograph-played two-sided instruction record and a very well written guidebook.

Made of wood, Johnenning's caller is only a trifle larger than a safety match box, and develops its turkey language from vibrations resulting from inhaling air through the caller, thereby activating, via vibration, a thin rubber diaphragm—two tissue-thin sheets of rubber stretched over a light metal frame at one end of the caller's sound chamber.

It usually takes several practice sessions, at least, to get the knack of using the Virginia man's product, but once mastered, the caller gives forth amazingly natural turkey "talk." Having the instruction record for initial lesson and review guidance helps considerably.

FWFT&T salutes Leon C. Johnenning for the good editorial job done on the guidebook, "The Turkey Hunter's Guide." Instead of dwelling largely on his own turkey hunting experiences—as most writers of turkey hunting texts are prone to do—Johnenning gets right down to business in regard to wild turkey characteristics and proven hunting practices. Fifteen concise, but meaty, chapters give a lot of valuable information for beginner and expert alike. The booklet measures 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches in size, is printed on high grade paper, with enameled finish covers, and comprises some 71 pages. "The Turkey Hunter's Guide" contains a lot of practical information, without tied-in advertising.

The caller sells for \$5.00, the instruction record for \$1.00, and the book for \$2.50.

THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

(Continued from page 4)

meet the needs of the wildlife, we then fit into the rule, as best as we can, the specifications that best meet the needs of the people. Our first concern shall always be the wildlife. Our second concern shall always be the people.

The early dove season is set so that the people can lawfully harvest excess game, without doing damage to the basic dove population.

We well realize that a few people try to violate this principle. Our Wildlife Officers arrest as many such violators as possible. We shall continue to do so.

But, the quail hunter needs to recognize the needs of the dove hunter. In turn, the dove hunter needs to recognize the needs of the bird hunter.

What we really need, sir, is more fair play on both sides. We need, also, fair-minded citizens who will speak out openly against the confirmed law violators, and who will not be afraid to let the violator know that his violation is against the code of our society.

The violator always pays more heed to social pressure than he does to pressure of a possible arrest. If the will of society to condemn violations is clearly expressed, the violators will begin to change their ways.

Condemn, then, the violator, and do it loudly. But also recognize those who are not violators and who faithfully follow the rules of good hunting.

We are convinced that most sportsmen are good sportsmen. Let us all work together to re-educate the minority who are bad sportsmen. Such re-education is two-fold: One — Convince people that it is best to abide by the laws. Two — Arrest and prosecute those who insist upon violating the laws.

We will continue to do both, to the best of our ability.

If we may be of further assistance to you, please contact me.

A CONFIRMED HUNTER

I would like to have an open week or some certain hunting time for the harvesting of doe deer, for the whole state, or at least where they have so many, like Ocala National Forest, Osceola Forest, Nassau County, Duval County, St. Johns County, Baker County and Eglin Field.

Two sciences are involved in this question: The science of mathematical certainties, and the science of wildlife biology.

It is a scientific fact that, when the deer

population reaches a certain concentration in a specified area offering so much food and habitat, the deer population will become unbalanced. Such unbalance will result in emaciated, starved, diseased and generally physically poor deer.

You cannot preserve such an unbalanced deer herd by harvesting only the buck deer, because the mathematics of wildlife reproduction will result only in a more greatly unbalanced herd.

You are right in your assumptions. However, the time has not yet been reached where it is proper to harvest both does and bucks in all areas of the state. We need the buck-only law still in most areas. In certain critical areas, we are fast approaching the time when the buck-only law will be harmful, and it will have to be changed in favor of a "hunter's choice" law, where the hunter may choose to harvest a buck or a doe, as he sees fit.

We can safely state that the time for a hunter's-choice law is now here for isolated areas such as the Citrus Wildlife Management Area. Biology and mathematics indicate the next two areas that will have to receive serious consideration will be the Eglin Reservation and the Ocala Wildlife Management Area.

Meanwhile, hunters had better mentally prepare themselves for the inevitable coming of the hunter's-choice regulation in certain areas. Otherwise, we will work a deadly hardship on certain Florida deer herds by starving them into death and disease.

We must manage our deer, and all wildlife, wisely.

NEXT MONTH Facts About Florida Fishing Improvement Programs



"For the last time, NO—I have never heard of an elastic measuring tape!"

NORTHEAST FLORIDA

Please, for the sake of all hunters, allow hunting every day. It's unfair to penalize hunters in some districts, while others are allowed to hunt every day.

We are patiently awaiting the time when the majority of the hunters in the Second and Fifth Districts agree with you. That day will surely come in due time.

RABBIT HUNTER

I filled out your recent Hunter's Survey Questionnaire, and have mailed it back to you.

I didn't see anything on your questionnaire about rabbits. I have hunted rabbits for twenty years with beagles here in Florida, state-wide. I am against people going out and killing hundreds of rabbits with a light, at night.

We agree with you. We have, for five years, been trying to slowly impress upon the minds of Florida people that rabbits offer a prime hunting and sporting opportunity. As you know, we now classify rabbits as game animals during the hunting season, and they may be then hunted only while in the possession of a license during the regular hunting season. During the remainder of the year, rabbits may be taken without benefit of license.

We are working toward the time when we can classify rabbits as a top-notch game animal. This will afford many hours and days of recreational opportunities to many people. We would like to have rabbit hunting open on a year-around basis, but to properly do this we will need to classify the rabbit as a full game animal, subject to license.

We have taken the first half-step toward this, by making the rabbit a game species during the hunting season. We will continue working toward the time when the people will help us to take the other half-step.

Won't you beagle-owners help us take the last half-step.

You might be interested to know that it is my personal feeling that all sportsmen who take any type of animals or birds under the jurisdiction of this Commission should contribute to the program. I feel that the rabbit-hunters, 'coon hunters, fox-hunters and crow-hunters should all ask that their sports be licensed so that they can also contribute to the management of our wildlife and fish.

I feel that all those who "take" should "give."

CLUBS & CONSERVATION

(Continued from page 5)

ceived numerous inquiries concerning the part of the Audubon Society in the bill and the Society's stand on the matter. In the Audubon "Conservation Guide," he declared the policy on hunting.

Says Buchheister:

"Our Society was not consulted about this legislation and had no knowledge of it before it was introduced. A case for it cannot be made on conservation grounds because all available evidence indicates the mourning dove is not endangered but has, in fact, been doing very well in recent years in all major parts of its range.

"As a conservation organization, the National Audubon Society has never opposed hunting per se, although we have never hesitated to speak up when in our judgment hunting needed to be restricted or eliminated in order to conserve a species of wildlife. This is our policy with respect to all game birds and mammals. A different position on the mourning dove would be inconsistent."

Releasing Is Popular

When the Metropolitan Miami fishing tournament ended this spring, officials of the event found an increase in the "release" phase of



Time for a little last minute chart checking while park and Everglades Chamber of Commerce officials brief the skippers of outboard boats to be led on an Everglades National Park cruise from Everglades City, western gateway to the park.

the competition. Something like 35,000 released fish were reported as anglers competed for release trophies.

The Marco Island Inn release trophy was won by Frank Hendrickson of Southold, N. Y., using plug casting gear. He turned back 1677 game and food fish. Charles H. Finkelstein of Coral Gables caught and released 32 bonefish to win a trophy in that division. Jack Fitzgerald of Miami released 67 black bass.

Everglades Boatscade

A series of escorted boatscades has

been conducted by the Everglades Chamber of Commerce in cooperation with the officials of Everglades National Park. The caravans "make up" at the park's western entrance at the town of Everglades and are for the purpose of introducing boaters to areas difficult to learn without experienced help. The first of the trips attracted 22 visiting boats and was conducted by Richard E. Stokes, supervising park ranger. It was a leisurely, all-day tour through parts of the Ten Thousand Islands and over areas of the back country of the National Park. ●

FISHING

(Continued from page 7)

a way that the fisherman can get a firm but comfortable hold.

Some of the plain old rings that simply held the reel to a cork grip probably are most comfortable of all but they are not noted for being secure and it is disconcerting to have your reel fall off into the water. With some reels, a given set of rings is perfect. With others they may slip.

The real, honest-to-goodness locking reel seats are most secure but sometimes uncomfortable to the hand.

One of the best arguments for various close-face reels and rod-reel combinations is the comfort af-

forded. I was fooling with a Bronson rod-reel combination the other day. Since the reel was "built-in" the grip was quite comfortable.

Lots of blisters and really sore hands can come from hard use of an uncomfortable grip. It is unlovely to look upon but generous use of rubber tape can solve a lot of reel seat problems.

Engaged in filleting a fish at a public dock the other evening, I was suddenly confronted by the evil eyes and leering visage of a burly alley cat who had jumped on the cleaning bench, apparently with the intent of fighting me for the fish.

Contemplating his battle-shredded ears and ominously twitching tail as revealed in the light of a single mosquito-dimmed bulb I was for the moment tempted to quit the field but my mosquito bites had made me irritable and hence braver than usual so I menaced him with a foot-long knife and he backed down to watch the cleaning operation from a distance.

I am seeking a biologist who will explain to me the attachment cats have for fish. Most cats hate the water and prefer death to bathing and why they so dearly love fish and where they acquired the taste remains a mystery to me. Maybe this doesn't even belong in a fishing column. ●

NEXT MONTH
Facts About Florida Rabbits

FLORIDA

ACTIVE MOSTLY AT NIGHT
 • DEN UP IN
 HOLLOW
 TREES OR LOGS,
 ROCKY CREVICES
 OR UNDER-
 GROUND IN
 BURROWS
 BY DAY

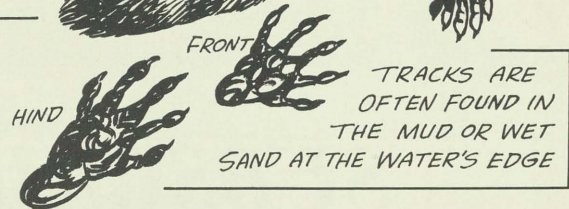
RACCOON

LENGTH TO 30
 INCHES •
 WEIGHT
 TO
 15 LBS.
 • IN
 THE
 KEYS
 5
 LBS.

FOUND THRUOUT FLORIDA
 IN RIVER SWAMPS, LAKE
 SHORE TIMBER, MANGROVE
 SWAMPS, PINELANDS, LIVE
 OAK HAMMOCKS, FIELDS,
 SCRUB AREAS and THE KEYS
 • EATS FROGS, BIRDS,
 RODENTS, EGGS,
 LIZARDS, CRAW-
 FISHES, FRUIT, BERRIES, INSECTS and
 GREEN CORN • USUALLY WASHES
 ITS FOOD CAREFULLY BEFORE
 EATING, WHEN NEAR WATER



Know Your FLORIDA WILDLIFE



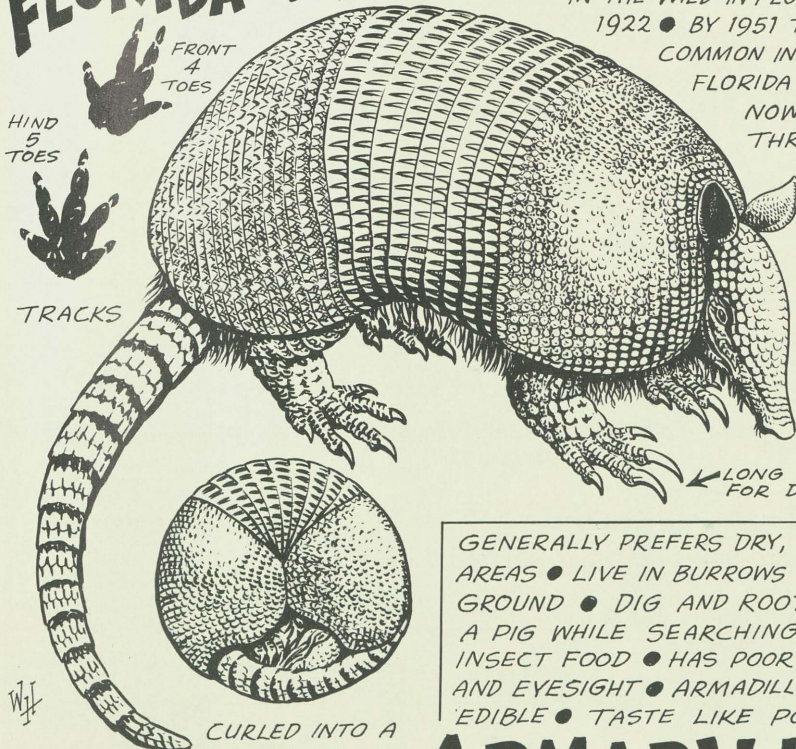
TRACKS ARE
 OFTEN FOUND IN
 THE MUD OR WET
 SAND AT THE WATER'S EDGE

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

Know Your FLORIDA WILDLIFE

NATIVE TO THE SOUTHWEST U.S.
 AND MEXICO • ESCAPEES FROM
 ROADSIDE ZOOS WERE OBSERVED
 IN THE WILD IN FLORIDA IN
 1922 • BY 1951 THEY WERE
 COMMON IN CENTRAL
 FLORIDA AND ARE
 NOW FOUND
 THRUOUT THE
 SUNSHINE
 STATE

SIZE TO
 30 INCHES
 LONG •
 WEIGHT
 UP TO
 15 LBS.



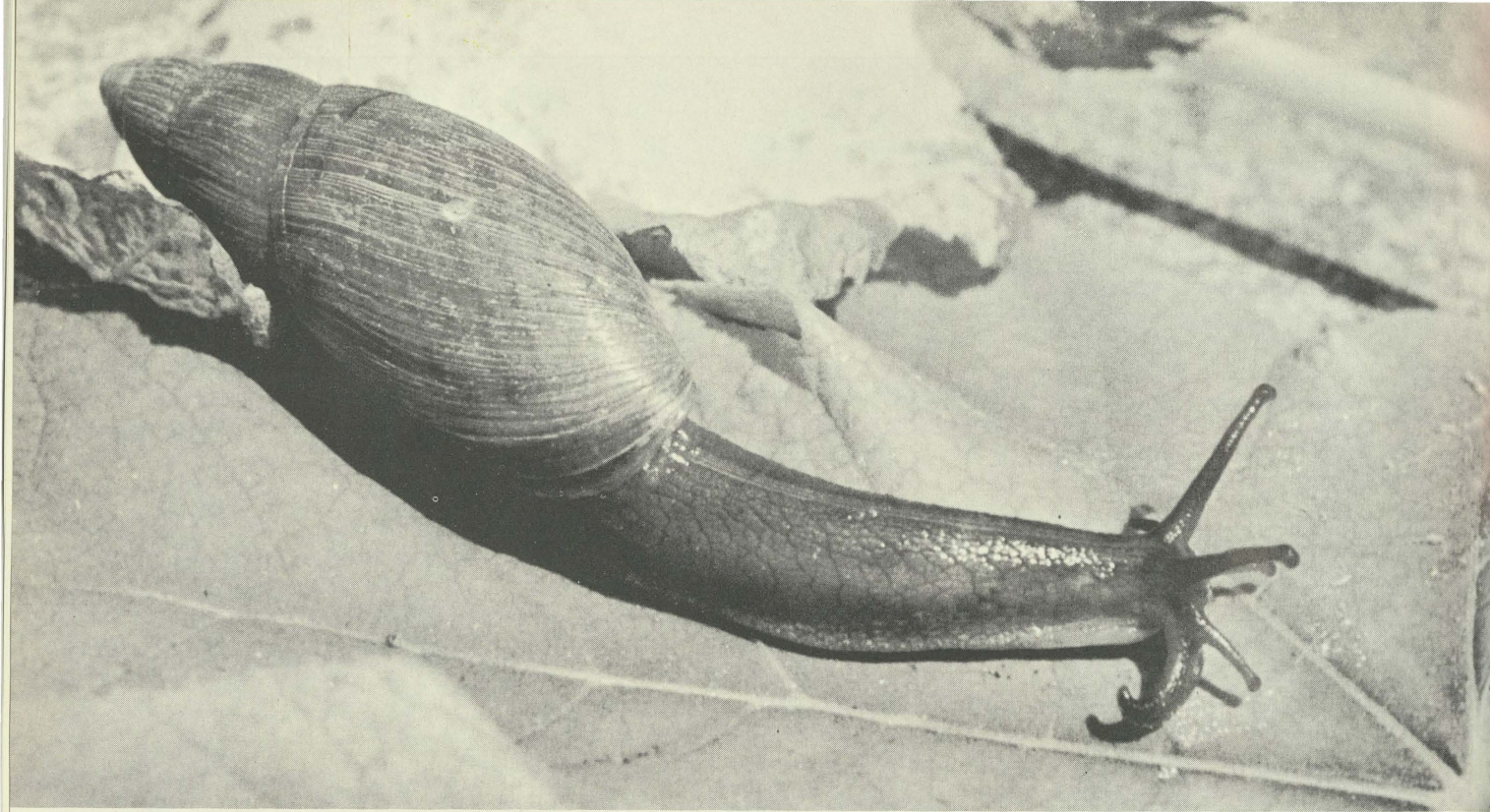
CURLED INTO A
 BALL TOUGH HIDE
 REPELS ENEMIES

GENERALLY PREFERS DRY, BRUSHY
 AREAS • LIVE IN BURROWS IN THE
 GROUND • DIG AND ROOT LIKE
 A PIG WHILE SEARCHING FOR
 INSECT FOOD • HAS POOR HEARING
 AND EYESIGHT • ARMADILLOS ARE
 EDIBLE • TASTE LIKE PORK

ARMADILLO

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

WILDLIFE SCRAPBOOK



The Land Snail

Photo by Wallace Hughes

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